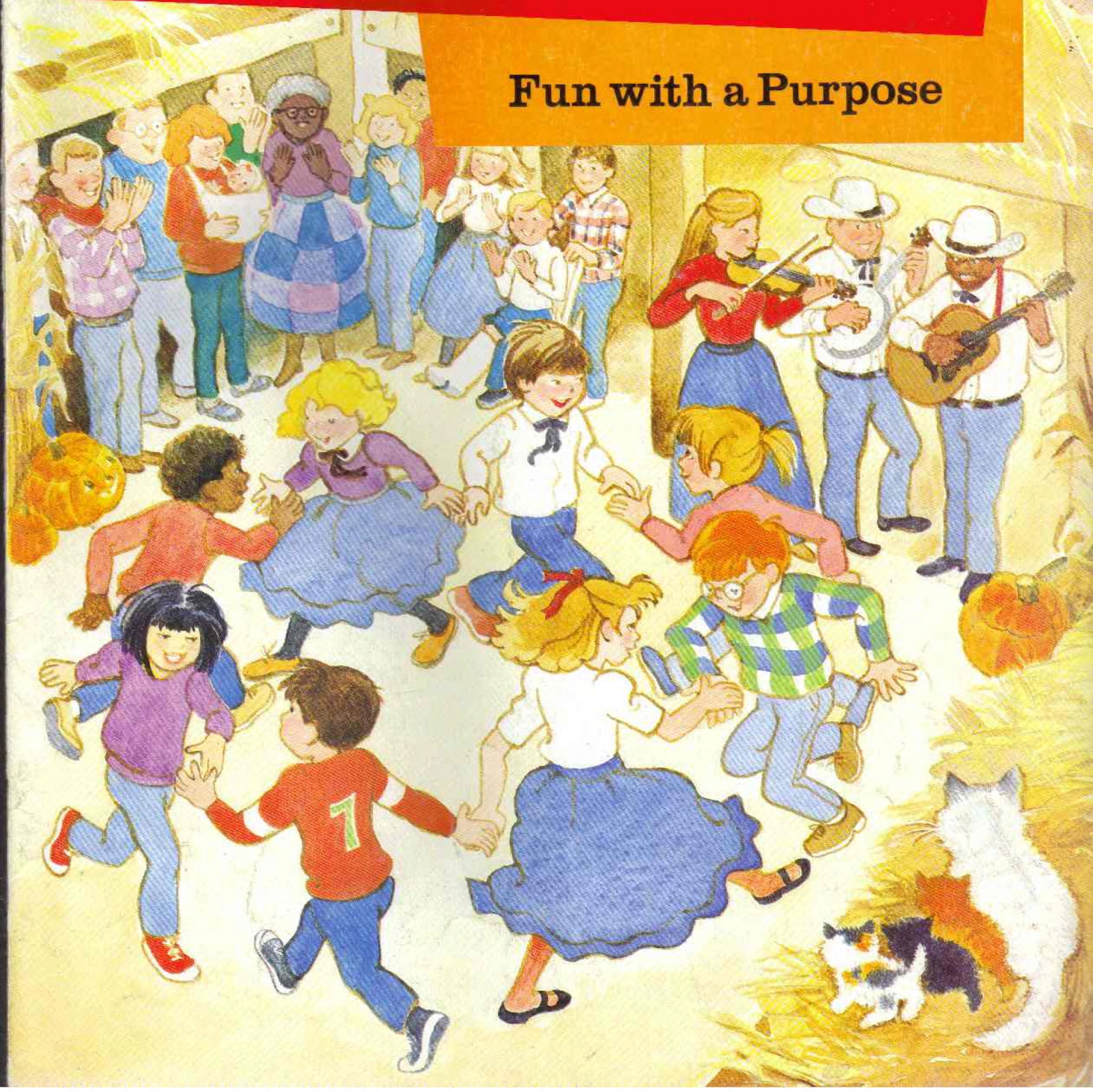


Highlights[®]

OCTOBER 1989

for Children

Fun with a Purpose



Highlights for Children

Including CHILDREN'S ACTIVITIES ®

OCTOBER 1989 • VOLUME 44 • NUMBER 9 • ISSUE NO. 460
Founded in 1946 by Garry C. Myers, Ph.D., and Caroline Clark Myers

This book of wholesome fun is dedicated to helping children grow—in basic skills and knowledge—in creativeness—in ability to think and reason—in sensitivity to others—in high ideals—and worthy ways of living—for CHILDREN are the world's most important people.

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From the Editor

The cover of each issue of HIGHLIGHTS extends an invitation to the reader. Cover art is designed to say to the reader that the contents of the issue are fun to read. On this October front cover is a square dance, depicting youngsters and adults having a good time. The back cover, featuring the "What's Wrong?" activity, captures the reader's imagination so that he or she is eager to read what is inside.

This October issue offers the special invitation to have fun learning. With articles such as "Cowboys Make Funny Sounds" (pp. 36-37) and "Eye to Eye with Bald Eagles" (pp. 42-43), the reader obtains factual information unlike that found in encyclopedias. The invitation is extended to the younger reader with, for example, "Mouse Manners" (p. 25), and to the older reader, with "Breathless" (pp. 32-33).

The editors strive to make each issue of HIGHLIGHTS as appealing as possible, beginning with the covers and extending to every story, article, and feature in the publication.

Walter B. Barbe, Ph.D.
Editor in Chief


Find the Pictures

Can you find each of these pictures at another place in this book?



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Dear Molly and May

By Elaine Pageler

My name is Molly, and my best friend is May. We write the "Advice from Molly and May" column in our school newspaper. At least we did until the phone jangled in my living room one Saturday.

It was Theo, the president of our fifth grade class and the editor of the newspaper. "Molly," he said, "I am canceling 'Advice from Molly and May.' This week's column will be your last. Is it done?"

"N-no, we're just starting," I stammered. "But you can't do that! Our advice helps lots of kids."

Theo wasn't listening. "Hurry. I need it by tonight," he said. There was a loud click, and the line went dead.

I stood there a minute, then

whirled around and repeated the conversation to May.

Her eyes snapped with anger. "It isn't fair. Kids like our advice. Look at all the letters we get," she said, pointing to the box on my desk.

"Yes," I agreed. "Theo doesn't realize how helpful we are."

Finally we calmed down. I got some paper and pencils, and we sat at the desk to write our last column.

May pulled out a letter and read:

*Dear Molly and May,
I want to buy a pet bird
because they sing so
sweetly, but they're too
expensive.*

*What do you think I
should do?*

Eddie

I stared off in space for a minute and then wrote:

Dear Eddie,

Buy a cricket. They sing beautifully and don't cost nearly as much. Crickets are also cheap to feed, and cleaning their cages is a lot easier.

Molly and May

"Here's another," I said. I read:

Dear Molly and May,

The kids on my block are having a talent show. I want to be part of it, but I don't sing, dance, or do anything special.

What do you suggest?

Lisa

May snatched up a pencil and wrote:

Dear Lisa,

Be the audience. Every talent show needs one.

Molly and May

May opened another envelope and read:

Dear Molly and May,

My father is Mayor Redford. He is running for reelection. People say he won't win because he doesn't have any new ideas. Can you give him one?

J. J. Redford, Jr.

"Wow, that's a hard one," I said, taking the letter and staring at it.

The kitchen door opened, and Mom stood there with my two-year-old brother in her arms. "Molly, I have to go shopping at the mall. Come with me and watch Jimmer."

"Mom, Jimmer is a terror! Why don't you drop him off at the Day-Care Center?" I asked.

"It's not open on Saturdays, and Jimmer isn't a terror. He's



just young," Mom answered.

"I can't go," I said. "May and I have to finish our column for the school newspaper."

"We won't be gone long. May can come along, and you two can plan your column while you're watching Jimmer," Mom insisted.

"Hah!" I said as we followed her out to the car. "We'll be too busy protecting the stores."

I was absolutely right. Jimmer knocked shoes off tables and swung on the skirts that were hanging from racks. Finally May and I took him out to the middle of the mall. Jimmer crawled all over the chairs. But that wasn't so bad, because hardly anyone was sitting there.

"Look at all of this space going to waste," I muttered. "They should build a day-care center here."

"Good idea," agreed May. "Maybe they could build a special cage for Jimmer."

About that time Mom came out of the store, and we headed for the car. All I could think about was the day-care center. As soon as we got home, I grabbed a

pencil and started writing:

Dear J. J.,

If your father, the mayor, wants to help our city, tell him to build a day-care center in the middle of the mall. Mothers with small children need it, especially on Saturdays.

Molly and May

May and I finished our column and took it over to Theo's.

The next Saturday we were sitting in my living room. We didn't have a column to write, so we turned on the TV. A newscaster was saying, "Mayor

Redford's campaign has taken an upswing since he announced his plan to build a day-care center in the middle of the city mall. Now he is expected to win."

May jumped up. "Molly!" she shouted. "That sounds like your idea!"

Just then the door burst open, and Theo charged in with a box of envelopes. "Get busy! You two have a column to write."

"You canceled it," I reminded him.

"I changed my mind. The mayor sent the paper a letter thanking you for your good advice," Theo explained. "We're going to print his letter with your next column. So get busy."

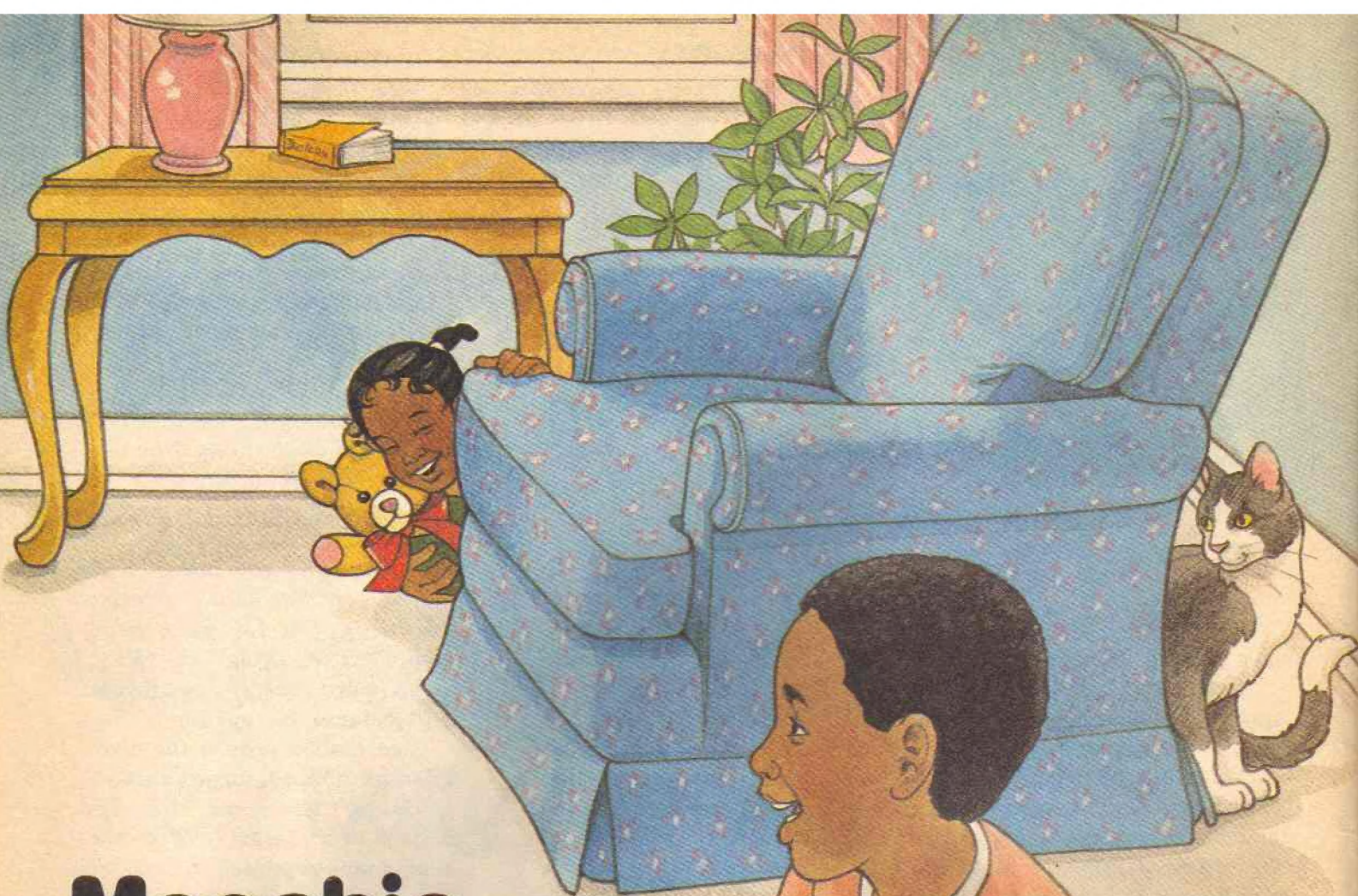
Theo rushed toward the door. Then he stopped, turned around, and said, "Molly and May, I'm invited to a costume party, and everyone is supposed to dress up like a picture. Can you suggest something for me to wear?"

"Sure," May answered. "Throw some paint on one of your mother's old sheets, drape it around your shoulders, and go as an abstract painting."

"That's great!" exclaimed Theo. "You girls really *do* give good advice."

May and I just grinned at each other and sat down at the desk. It was time to write our column.





Moochie

By Eloise Greenfield

Moochie likes to keep on playing
That same old silly game
Peeka Boo!
Peeka Boo!

I get tired of it
But it makes her laugh
And every time she laughs
She gets the hiccups
And every time she gets the hiccups
I laugh

Meryl Henderson

Friend or Not?

Nobody likes this girl in my class but me. If I hang out with her, nobody will like me. What should I do?

Laurie S., Louisiana

A friend is someone you enjoy being with, a person you can trust and have fun with. If you enjoy being with the girl, she may make a good friend.

You might think about how you would feel if no one liked *you*. It must be very difficult for this girl to come to school each day knowing that she has no one to spend time with.

You are the only one who can decide who your friends will be. Don't let the other kids in your class decide for you.

If you decide that you would rather not be close friends with this girl, you can still be nice to her. If others see you being kind to her, they may act the same way.

Weight

I weigh 68 pounds, and people think I'm fat.

Dewey P., Alaska

If you aren't comfortable with your weight, check with your family doctor. If your doctor doesn't think you need to diet, try not to worry too much about your weight. You are still young and

To the Editor

still growing. As you get older, your weight and height will change.

If others tease you about your weight, pretend that you don't notice. They may tease you just because they know that it bothers you. If you don't react to their teasing, they will probably stop.

Trouble in Spanish

I have a lot of trouble learning Spanish, because I can't understand what to do.

Jason W., Florida

Learning a foreign language can be difficult. It takes a lot of time and practice, because you must learn new rules of grammar, pronunciation, and sentence structure. But studying and practicing should help.

Talk to your Spanish teacher about the problems you're having. He or she is there to help you. If you have friends who speak Spanish well, you might get extra practice (and even have some fun) by speaking with them

in Spanish. And many libraries have tapes or records that can help people learn to speak and understand foreign languages.

Shy about Speaking

I have been elected to Student Council at school, which means I have to say announcements in front of my class. I'm shy when I'm in front of a group, so I'm afraid I'll mess up.

Jenny C., California

You may have gotten over your fear already. If you are still having trouble, try calming yourself before you have to give the announcement. Take several deep breaths, and allow your body to relax. Have the announcement written down, so you remember all of it. When you are in front of the class, focus your eyes on one of your friends, and pretend you are talking just to that person.

Remember that you are not the only one with this problem. Many people, even famous show people, have difficulty when they are before an audience.

When you write to us, we like to know who you are. Please include your name, age, and full address (street and number, city or town, state or province, and Zip Code).
Mail to:

The Editor

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Honesdale, PA 18431

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Grazers and Browsers

By George W. Frame



Grunt. Grunt. Grunt. Grunt.

There was so much noise that I could hardly sleep. Every time a nearby gnu grunted, I woke up.

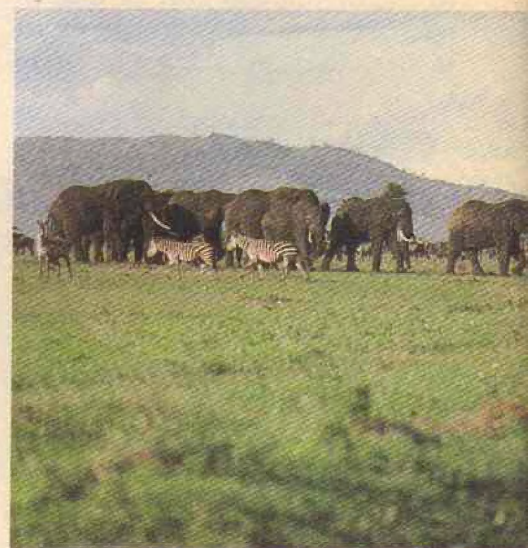
At dawn I crawled out of the sleeping bag in the back of my car. I looked all around. In every direction, as far as I could see, thousands of gnus (wildebeests) were grazing in the green grass.

I was parked in the middle of Tanzania's Serengeti Plain. The night before, I had gone to sleep after failing to find any cheetahs or African wild dogs to watch. When I had stopped the car, the plains all around me were quite empty. But that changed when a herd of wildebeests like the ones above arrived during the night.

The migrating gnus had walked for many miles, searching for places where rain showers had recently fallen. Rain helps the grass grow green and nutritious. This was a good time of year for gnus, because the grass they eat was plentiful. That is why the wildebeest calves are born on these plains around February.

● More than thirty species of plant-eating mammals live on the Serengeti. At least half of them are large, hoofed mammals. Hundreds of plant-eating birds and insects live there, too. How can so many different kinds of plant eaters live together? Do they get in each other's way and eat each other's food?

Not exactly. Even though gnus, zebras, and other grass eaters eat the same kinds of grass, they generally eat different parts of the plants. Some animals like to eat the leaves, some eat the stems, and others eat the seeds. Zebras often eat the tall, dry grass. Then topi (antelopes) come along and eat the blades of grass the zebras have left. After that, the gnus eat the shorter grass left by the topi. Finally, the Thomson's gazelles (shown below) come along and eat the very short grass. All these grass eaters eat slightly different foods, and in some ways they help make food available for the other animals.

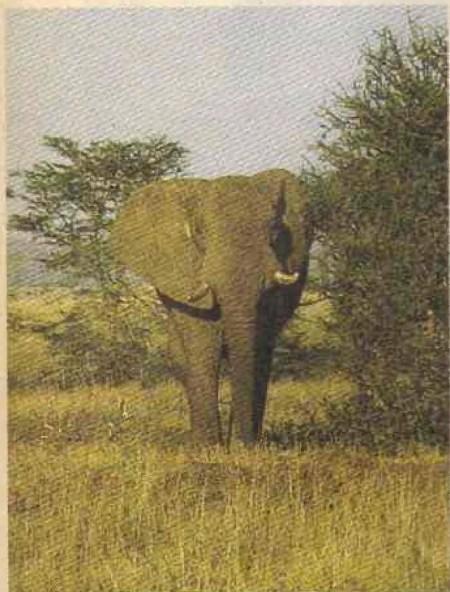


● I sometimes saw mixed groups of animals feeding together.

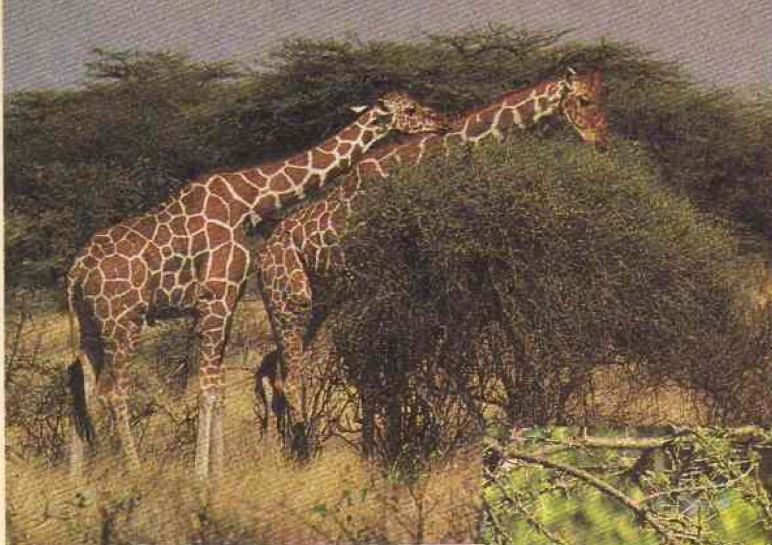
In the dry season, when food is scarce, the many different kinds of animals may have to eat the same foods. They can't eat just what they like best. Then they all become competitors. But an

interesting thing happens when all these animals eat the grass. The loss of leaves and other parts causes the grass to grow faster and make more food.

By the end of the rainy season, many more tons of grass have grown. There are then larger quantities of the more nutritious grass for all of the plant eaters.



● Just as there are different kinds of grazers on the grasses, there are different kinds of browsers on trees and bushes. Elephants and black rhinos both eat the leaves and branches of trees and bushes. Are they eating the same food? Well, not exactly. The elephants usually eat from the higher parts, and the rhinos eat from the lower parts. Sometimes elephants pull down trees, and the parts that the elephants don't eat are left within reach of the rhinos. You can say that elephants and rhinos are eating the same kind of food, but they are getting it from different places. So they aren't competing with each other. They are not getting in each other's way.



● Animals don't always eat different parts, though. The tall giraffe and the rabbitlike dassie (hyrax) both eat the leaves of thorn trees. Caterpillars, too, eat the tree leaves. The giraffes, dassies, and caterpillars are eating the same food from the same part of the tree. They are competing with each other, and sometimes there is not enough food for all of them.



● You and I eat some of the same plant foods that other animals eat. Sometimes we eat fruits. When I find worms in my apples, I know that they like to eat fruit, too. In Africa this little baboon once came into my camp and took my bananas.

Continued on next page



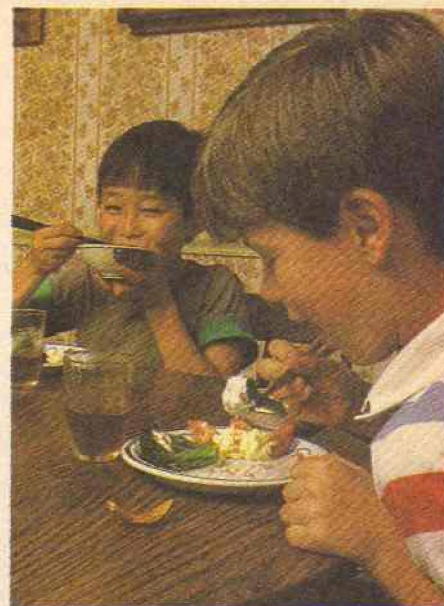


Continued from page 9

● Like other animals, we want variety in our diets. Sometimes we are seed eaters, like chickens, other birds, and mice. We eat sunflower seeds and the seeds of such grasses as wheat and oats, a diet that we have in common with many species of animals.

● Sometimes we eat roots, like carrots, potatoes, and radishes. That part of our diet we have in common with gophers, rabbits, and porcupines.

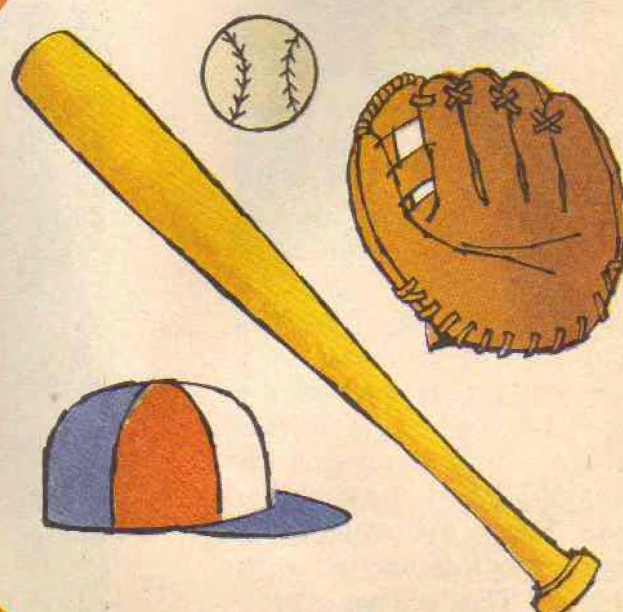
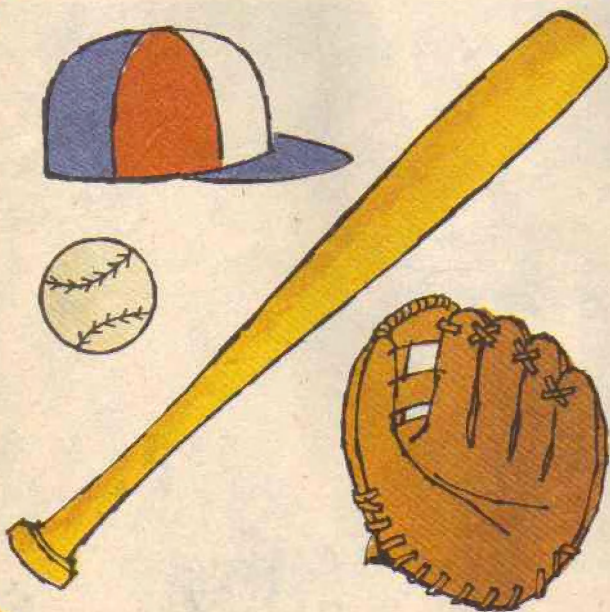
We are also leaf eaters. We eat lettuce, spinach, and cabbage leaves. Grasshoppers, rabbits, deer, and snails often visit farms and gardens to eat those leaves along with other fresh greens.



● I don't eat grasses as the gnus do, or tree leaves as rhinos do. But I often eat bananas and oatmeal and carrots and broccoli. Maybe you do, too. So I guess you could say that sometimes we are competitors of other plant-eating animals.

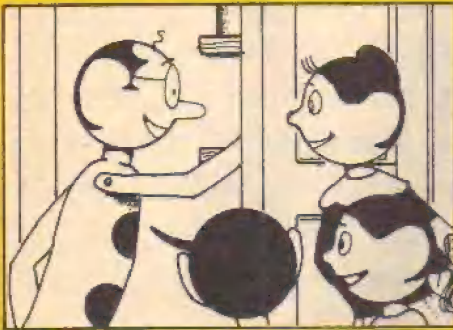
Matching

Look at each picture on the left. Find the picture like it on the right.

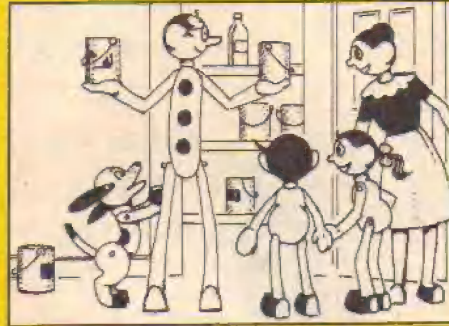


THE TIMBERTOES

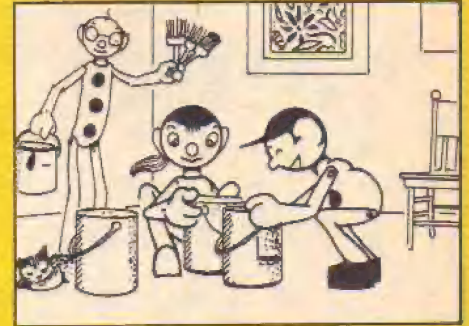
By Sidney Quinn



What's in the closet?



Paints!



In lots of colors.



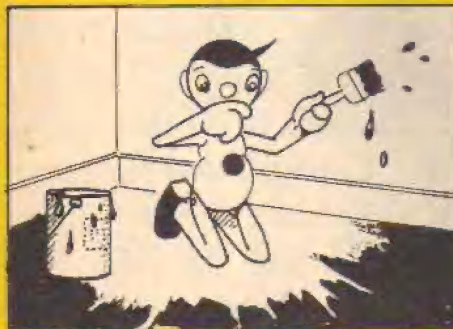
"Let's paint the room."



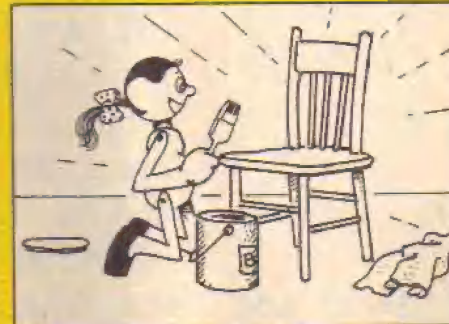
Pa paints the walls.



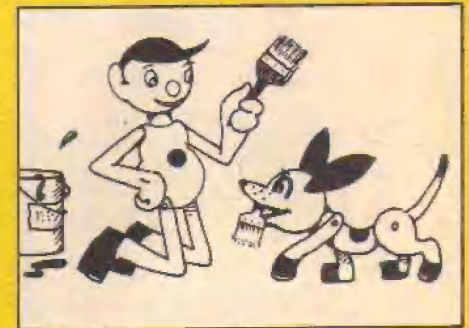
Ma paints the ceiling.



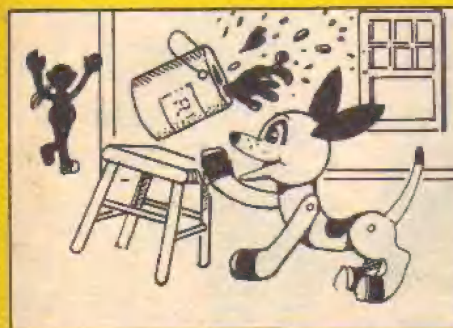
Tommy paints the floor.



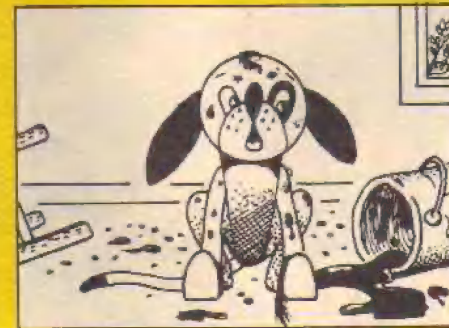
Mabel paints the chairs.



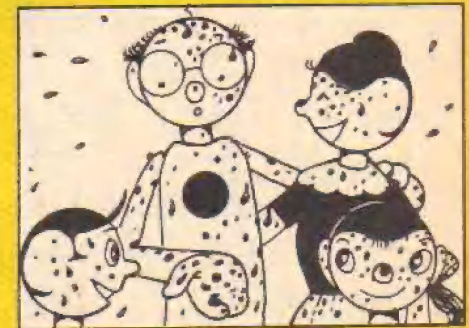
Spot wants to help.



Oh, no!



Now Spot has new spots.



And so does the family!

The Name Game



By Lloydene L. Cook

Lunch is ready, Peter," Mother called.

A little boy wearing blue jeans and a red cape leaped into the kitchen. "Peter's not here," he announced. "My name is ROCKETMAN!"

"Hello, Rocketman. Sit down," Mother said. "You may eat Peter's bologna sandwich."

"Rocketman doesn't like bologna sandwiches. Rocketman only eats space food!" he said.

"Bologna is space food," Mother

said. "Please try a small bite, Rocketman."

"I'm not Rocketman anymore," he said, pulling off his cape. "My name is Officer Blue."

"Well, I'm glad you came by, Officer Blue. My son, Peter, is missing. Can you find him for me?" Mother asked.

"Yes ma'am," said Officer Blue. "I'll find him just as soon as I eat this bologna sandwich. A policeman needs a good lunch when he's working."

"Peter has blond hair and green eyes," Mother said as Officer Blue pedaled off on his tricycle.

"Don't worry. I'll find him," Officer Blue called over his shoulder.

Twenty minutes later Officer Blue walked into the kitchen carrying a fat yellow cat.

"Did you find Peter?" Mother said.

"No. I am the Great Zambini, World-Famous Lion Tamer, and this is a ferocious lion. You'd better stand back."

Mother stepped back. "Would you and your lion like to have a snack?"

"Meow," said the lion.



"My lion says he'd like some milk, and I'll have a banana, please," said the Great Zambini.

After eating his banana, the Great Zambini yawned. "My lion is getting sleepy."

"You may both rest in Peter's room if you like," Mother said.

"Come on, Lion," the Great Zambini commanded. "You need a nap."



A while later, Mother tapped at the door. "Wake up, Peter. We're going shopping."

"My name isn't Peter," he said with a yawn.

Mother sighed. "What is your name?"

"I don't know," he said. "I'm still thinking."

Riding to town in the car, he didn't say a word. When they got to the department store, Mother squeezed through a crowd of shoppers. When

she looked behind for Peter, he was not there. Mother hurried back down the aisle.

Could Peter be playing Rocketman in the spaceship at the front of the store?

Was Officer Blue directing traffic in the Bicycle Shop?

Was the Great Zambini taming lions in the Pet Department?

Mother looked in all those places, but she didn't find Peter.

Suddenly, a voice on a microphone announced, "There is a young man waiting for his mother at Customer Service. He says his name is Peter."

Mother hurried to the Customer Service desk and hugged Peter. "I've been looking for you ALL DAY," she said. "I'm glad I finally found you."

"Me too," Peter said with a grin. "I knew you would."

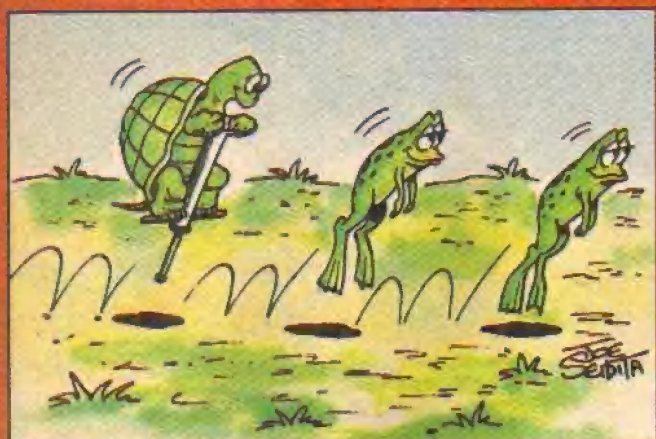


Hidden Pictures

The Bagel and Pretzel Factory



In this big picture find the baseball bat, friendly ghost, can, saw, paintbrush, pot, gavel, wizard, fish, cane, elf's shoe, chef's hat, iron, book, telescope, elf's hat, cup, dress, mop, and toothbrush.



Can you find these
Hidden Pictures
on page 14?



Girl: How do you make all that smoke and fire?
Volcano: Deep in the earth, the rock is so hot that it's melted. Sometimes the melted rock pushes up inside me and spills over. I may even explode. When you see smoke or fire, stay far away from me.



Telephone Talk

Suppose you heard a girl talking on the telephone. What do you think the person on the other end of the telephone line was saying to her?

"I got a great present today."

"Guess."

"No. It's not a puppy."

"No. It's not a parakeet."

"No. It's not something alive."

"Why don't you come over and see what it is?"

Alexander Calder

Sculptor of Motion and Color

By Christine Lemberg

Dressed in a bright orange suit and a funny hat, at age thirty Alexander Calder looked like a circus performer. Pedaling through the streets of Paris on his orange bicycle, Calder used motion and color to catch people's attention, and he did it with the greatest of ease.



The people who joked about Calder's comical appearance then didn't know that he would soon capture the attention of the world. He did it by making sculpture move, and his fame began with a little circus.

Alexander Calder was born in Philadelphia, Pennsylvania, in 1898. His mother was a painter, and his father and grandfather were both sculptors, but as a boy Sandy (as he was called) was not very interested in art. He liked mechanical things and enjoyed making toys out of wire, wood, metal, and other odds and ends.

Sandy's parents encouraged his tinkering. So did his older sister, Peggy. One Christmas she presented him with a pair of pliers. He designed wire jewelry and a castle for Peggy's doll, and he built small chariots that the neighborhood children could use in races.

As he grew older, Sandy decided to study engineering. After graduating from college, he worked at a number of jobs, but he wasn't happy. At his father's suggestion, he took drawing lessons and enjoyed them so much that he decided to become an artist. Calder had a talent for pen-and-ink sketches, so he went to work drawing cartoons for a magazine. One assignment took him to the Ringling Brothers and Barnum & Bailey Circus. For two thrilling weeks Calder sketched the animals and acrobats. He liked the show so much that the next year, while living in Paris, he started to build his own little circus just for the fun of it.

Calder's cleverly constructed circus figures are made of wire, wood, and other ordinary materials. He gave them movable parts so that he could make them perform dozens of routines. The seals can toss a ball between their noses; the trapeze artists can swing from one trapeze to another; the

Clown from Calder's Circus
(1926)



Alexander Calder spent his lifetime designing playful art, from tiny figures to abstract sculptures of every size.



Cowboy on Horse from Calder's Circus

strong man can lift up his barbells.

With just a few props, Calder created a big-top atmosphere right in his studio. Acting as puppeteer, he could keep more than fifty tiny figures performing for about two hours!

One night a Dutch painter named Piet Mondrian came to see the little circus. Mondrian later invited Calder to visit his studio, where Calder saw a new kind of art. The Dutchman's white canvases showed attractive arrangements of colored rectangles and black lines. This was Calder's first encounter with abstract art—art that doesn't show natural objects. He was excited about the possibilities it offered him.

Calder began fashioning abstract shapes out of wire and wood. He would often connect several shapes with wire in a pleasing arrangement. Sometimes he used motors and gears to make different parts of the composition move—much as

the planets move in the sky.

A well-known French artist, Marcel Duchamp, suggested that Calder call his moving sculptures "mobiles." Today, mobiles are found in homes around the world, but Alexander Calder's were among the first ones to become popular.

Eventually, Calder preferred to let air currents drive most of his mobiles. Because he was an engineer, he could construct the pieces in a precisely balanced way that took advantage of breezes. He also hung many of the mobiles from the ceiling. Putting them in the air was a wonderful new way to make sculpture. For centuries this art form had been rooted to the ground.

"When everything goes right," Calder once observed, "a mobile is a piece of poetry that dances with the joy of life and surprises."

Calder made hundreds of mobiles in his lifetime, and each seems to have its own personality. Some move in a stately fashion.

Continued on next page

Others flutter nervously. Although they are usually made of abstract shapes, the mobiles often seem to imitate things in nature. In his *Lobster Trap and Fish Tail*, for example, triangles of metal blades glide around a wire basket. The basket is like a lobster trap, and the triangles, in a wavelike arrangement, are similar to the tails and fins of a school of fish.

Calder also constructed many nonmoving abstract sculptures out of sheet metal. He called these pieces "stabiles." Many of them remind us of animals. *Black Widow*, for example, has curved, leggy supports that make it look like a huge spider. Calder enjoyed the challenge of making these pieces larger and larger. The stabile *Stegosaurus* is fifty feet high from the level of its feet to the tips of its spiked, arched back.

Although best known for his sculptures, Calder also liked drawing and painting. Like Mondrian, he preferred red, yellow, and blue in addition to black and white. His cheerful designs have appeared on everything from posters to French porcelain. His bright colors became so well known that he was even asked to paint jet planes. What a tribute to an artist who loved motion!

Having put joy into his work for more than fifty years, Calder accomplished his goal of making things "that are fun to look at." He died in 1976 at the age of seventy-eight, but people around the world still stop and smile at the motion and color in his art.

Elephant and Trainer from Calder's Circus



Getting Ready to Read

Look at each picture in the first group. Say the word beside it. Find the same picture in the second group, and say the word beside it. Now find this word in the third group.

quack 	bark 	meow 
bark 	yell 	quack 
meow 	quack 	yell 
yell 	meow 	bark 

Safety First

Why would it be dangerous for a young child to play with pointed scissors or a screwdriver?

What should you do before crossing a street?

Why should you wait until a bus has stopped before getting up from your seat?

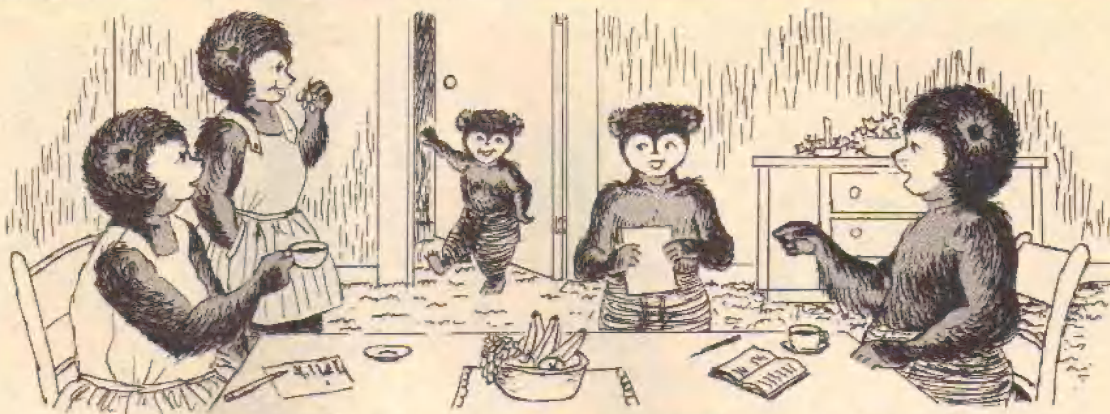
What should you be concerned with when you are near an open fire?

Front Cover and What's Wrong? by Sylvia Stone

A grateful acknowledgment for the following permissions: P 6 "Mouchie" from HONEY, I LOVE by Eloise Greenfield, Copyright © 1978 by Eloise Greenfield. Reprinted by permission of Harper & Row, Publishers, Inc., pp. 8-10 Photos courtesy of the author; Alexander Calder, p. 16 *Clown* (10 1/2" x 9"), p. 17 *Cowboy on Horse* (9 1/2" x 24 1/2"), p. 18 *Elephant and Trainer* (12 1/2" x 29"), all from *Calder's Circus* (1926-31). Collection of Whitney Museum of American Art. Purchase, with funds from a public fund-raising campaign in May 1982. One half the funds were contributed by the Robert Wood Johnson Jr. Charitable Trust. Additional major donations were given by The Lauder Foundation; the Robert Lehman Foundation, Inc.; the Howard and Jean Lipman Foundation, Inc.; an anonymous donor; The T.M. Evans Foundation, Inc.; MacAndrew & Forbes Group, Incorporated; the De Witt Wallace Fund; Martin and Agnete Gruss; Anne Phillips; Mr. and Mrs. Laurence S. Rockefeller; the Simon Foundation, Inc.; Marylou Whitney; Bankers Trust Company, Mr. and Mrs. Kenneth N. Dayton; Joel and Anne Ehrenkrantz; Irvin and Kenneth Feld; Flora Whitney Miller. More than 500 individuals from 26 states and abroad also contributed to the campaign; p. 17 Top: photo courtesy Black Star, pp. 28-29 Photos courtesy Focus on Sports; pp. 36-37 Photos courtesy Taurus Photos, p. 37 "The Old Chisholm Trail" from THE PENGUIN BOOK OF AMERICAN FOLK SONGS compiled by Alan Lomax, piano arrangements by Elizabeth Poston (Penguin Books, 1964), copyright © Elizabeth Poston, 1964. Reprinted by permission of Penguin Books Ltd., pp. 42-43 Photos courtesy of the author, except top photo p. 43 courtesy Animals Animals.

Fire Prevention at Home

Originated by Garry Cleveland Myers



Poozy: "We talked about fire prevention in school today. I have a list of things to check."

Mother: "What kind of things, Poozy?"

Poozy: "Fire hazards around the house."

Father: "Let's check our house."

Piddy: "I'll lead the way."



Father: "We'd better check all the electrical cords in the house."

Mother: "And the batteries in the smoke alarms, too."

Woozy: "This trash should be thrown away."

Poozy: "And those oily rags!"



Father: "I'm glad we checked our house."

Mother: "It was a good idea."

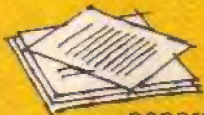
Poozy: "I'll tell my teacher about our inspection."

Piddy: "Tell her I helped, too."

For Wee Folks



violin



papers



groceries



lunch

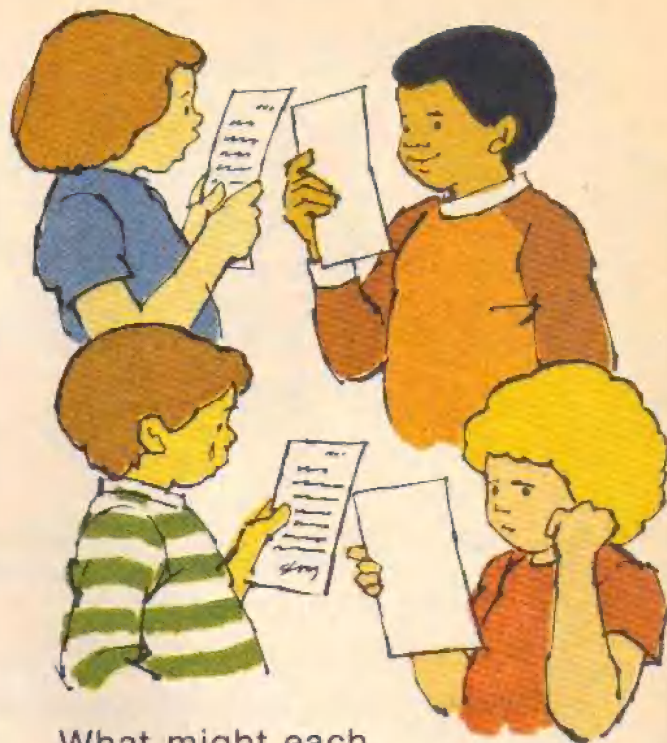


poodle



bowling ball

What is each one carried in?



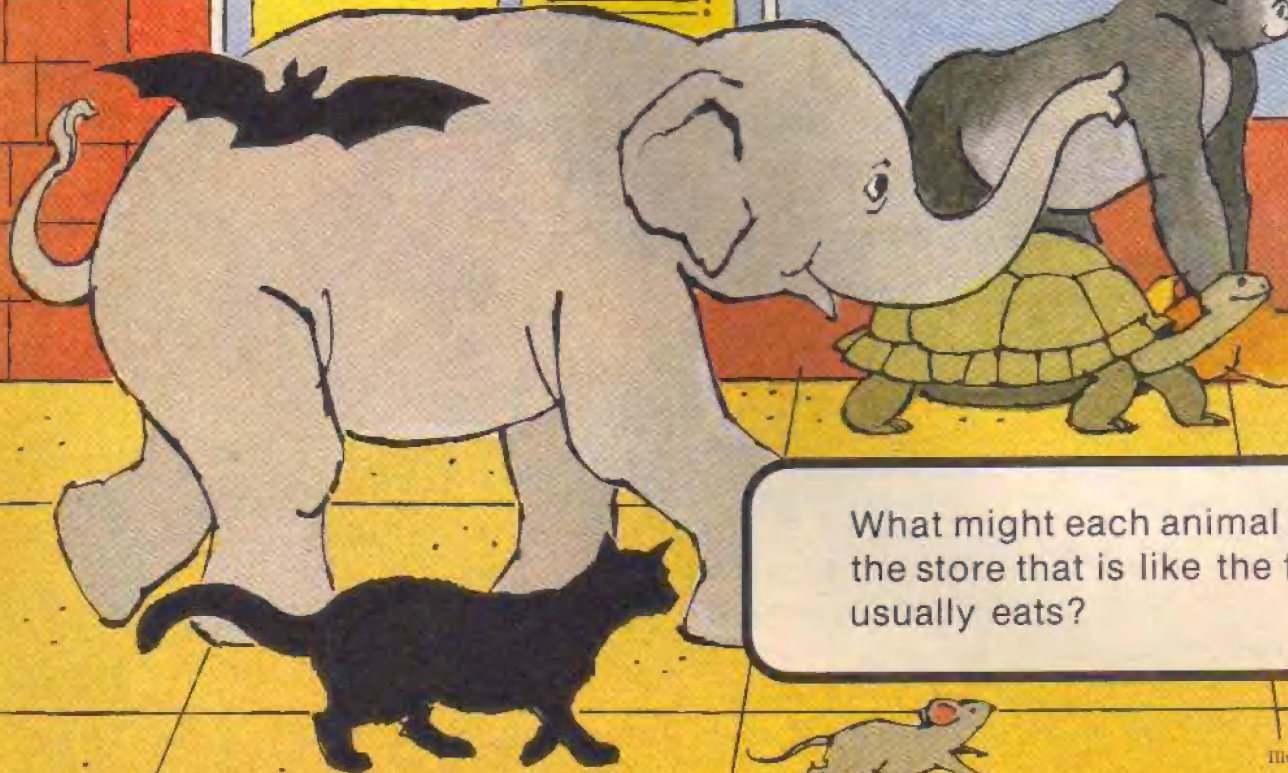
What might each of the letters say?

87¢

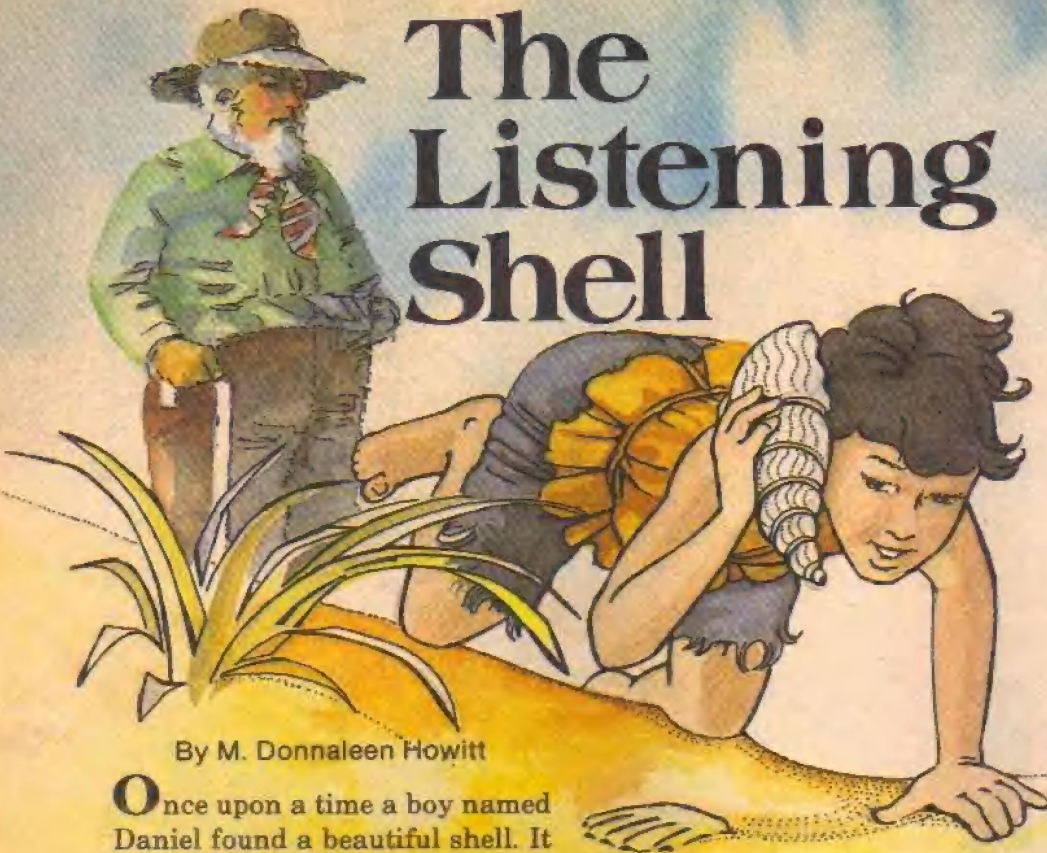
DAIRY DELI

FRESH
FROZEN

SUPER
MARKET



What might each animal find in the store that is like the food it usually eats?



By M. Donnaleen Howitt

Once upon a time a boy named Daniel found a beautiful shell. It was shaped like a cone, and was rough and white on the outside. Inside, it was pink and shiny.

Daniel lived on a little island with his grandparents. He showed the shell to his grandfather, who said, "This is a listening shell. If you hold it up to your ear, you will hear the sound of the ocean waves."

Daniel tried to hear the sound, but along the shore the real ocean waves made too much noise.

"I'll put the shell in this little cave where it's quiet, Grandfather," he said. "I'll come back later to listen."

Daniel often helped his grandfather fish in the bay and cut wood, and he held up the yarn for his grandmother when she wound it for knitting. He had a little boat and a sturdy tree house that his grandfather had helped him build. There were oysters in the bay and small animals in the woods, but Daniel was lonely.

One day Daniel went to the cave. It was in the side of a cliff,

away from the sounds of the shore. He held the shell to his ear.

"Swoosh-swish!" said the shell. Daniel held it closer.

"Swoosh-swish. Who is this?"

"It's me—Daniel."

"Swoosh-swish. What do you wish?"

"What do you mean?" said Daniel.

"Swoosh-swish. Tell me your wish," said the shell.

Daniel's eyes grew big. He thought for a long time, then put the shell to his ear.

"Swoosh-swish. What do you wish?"

"I'm lonely," said Daniel. "I would like a dog to keep me company."

"Go home and see," said the shell. "But listen to me. Never tell about the shell."

Daniel ran up the cliffside and along the path that led to the cottage where he lived. His grandmother stood at the door.

Beside her was a little brown dog, wagging its tail.

"Look what has come to our cottage," Grandmother said. "How could a little dog get to our island?"

Daniel clapped his hands and whistled. The little dog came to his side.

"I'll call you Answer. You're the answer to a wish I made."

For many days Daniel and Answer played together on the shore and in the woods. Daniel was no longer lonely, but he was tired of the island. He went to the cave.

"Swoosh-swish," said the shell. "What do you wish?"

"I would like to see new places and meet new friends, but we are too poor," said Daniel.

"Indeed? Indeed? In the bay lies what you need," said the shell.

Daniel and Answer scooped two oysters from the bay. In each of them they found a pearl.

Daniel returned to the shell.

"Swoosh-swish. What do you wish?"

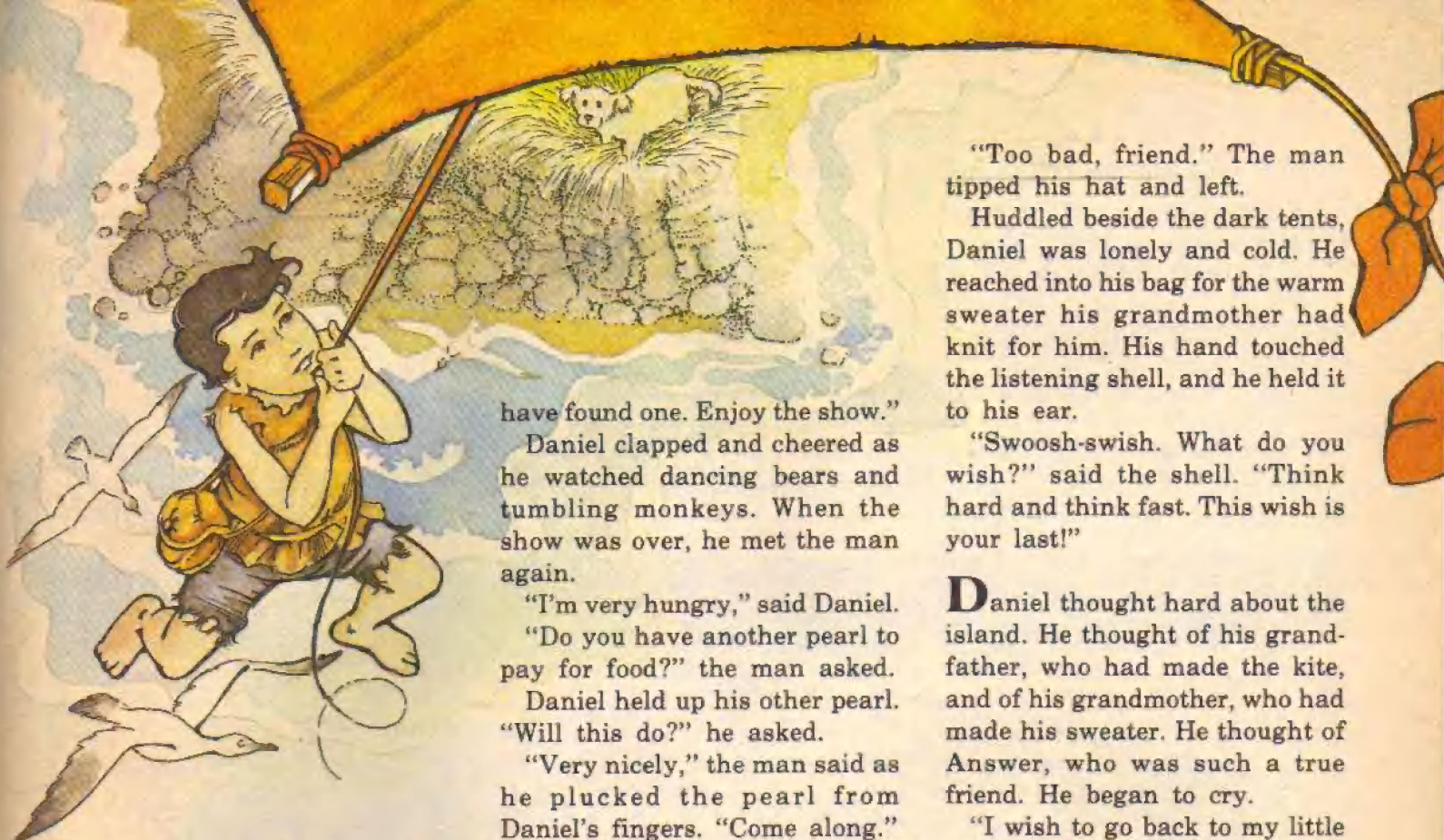
"There is a land across the water. I want to go there. I would like to make new friends."

"Pack a bag and get your kite. Take me with you on your flight," said the shell.

"Flight?" said Daniel. "My kite won't carry me! I'm too heavy!"

The shell sounded angry. "If you think you will fall, you will not fly at all. Now go away and do as I say."

Daniel packed a little bag and got his kite. He put the shell into his bag, and gave Answer a pat. Then he stood on the cliff and held tight to the kite string. The kite lifted into the wind, and soon



Daniel was flying over the bay. On the far shore he saw a city.

The kite lowered him into the midst of a great fair. The colors and sounds thrilled Daniel. He carried his kite and bag past booths and past tents. He watched some acrobats and animals performing in front of a large tent. When they went inside, Daniel tried to follow.

A tall man with a huge mustache and a top hat stopped him. "You must pay to go inside, my friend!"

Friend! thought Daniel. How nice! I have a friend.

He felt in his pocket for a pearl. "Will this be enough?" he asked the man.

"Ah!" said the man as he quickly took the pearl. "This will be fine. Are you alone?"

"Yes," said Daniel. "But I hope to find some friends."

The man twirled his mustache, tipped his hat, and said, "You

have found one. Enjoy the show."

Daniel clapped and cheered as he watched dancing bears and tumbling monkeys. When the show was over, he met the man again.

"I'm very hungry," said Daniel.

"Do you have another pearl to pay for food?" the man asked.

Daniel held up his other pearl. "Will this do?" he asked.

"Very nicely," the man said as he plucked the pearl from Daniel's fingers. "Come along."

After the meal Daniel was sleepy. The lights of the fair were turning off. "I'm lucky to have a friend," he said. "I need a place to sleep."

"You must pay," said the man, holding out a hand.

"But I have no more pearls," said Daniel.



"Too bad, friend." The man tipped his hat and left.

Huddled beside the dark tents, Daniel was lonely and cold. He reached into his bag for the warm sweater his grandmother had knit for him. His hand touched the listening shell, and he held it to his ear.

"Swoosh-swish. What do you wish?" said the shell. "Think hard and think fast. This wish is your last!"

Daniel thought hard about the island. He thought of his grandfather, who had made the kite, and of his grandmother, who had made his sweater. He thought of Answer, who was such a true friend. He began to cry.

"I wish to go back to my little island," he said.

When the kite lowered him on the shore of the island, Daniel placed the shell in its cave and ran home to his cozy bed.

For many months Daniel and Answer played happily together. One day Answer chased a chipmunk into the cave where the shell was. Daniel followed, and held the shell to his ear.

"Swoosh-swish, swoosh-swish," said the shell. And nothing, nothing more.

Riddles

Selected by Our Readers

1. How do you mend a broken jack-o'-lantern?

Jason Saavedra—New Mexico

2. What bone do clowns always hit?

Liza Bascetta—Connecticut

3. How can you make a witch scratch?

Ila Hersh—Louisiana

4. What do you say when you meet three monsters?

Christian Burt—California

5. Why do vampires brush their teeth?

Shannon Hutchinson—Ohio

6. What kind of cookies do sea serpents like to eat?

Pamela L. Walker—Alaska

7. What is a snake's best subject in school?

Carvin Wong—Hawaii

8. Why was the barn so noisy?

Brad Mathews—Idaho

ANSWERS:

1. With a pumpkin patch. 2. Your funnybone. 3. Take away the w and she'll itch. 4. "Hello, Hello, Hello." 5. To prevent bat breath. 6. Chocolate ship. 7. His(s)tory. 8. Because the cows had horns.

Goofus and Gallant



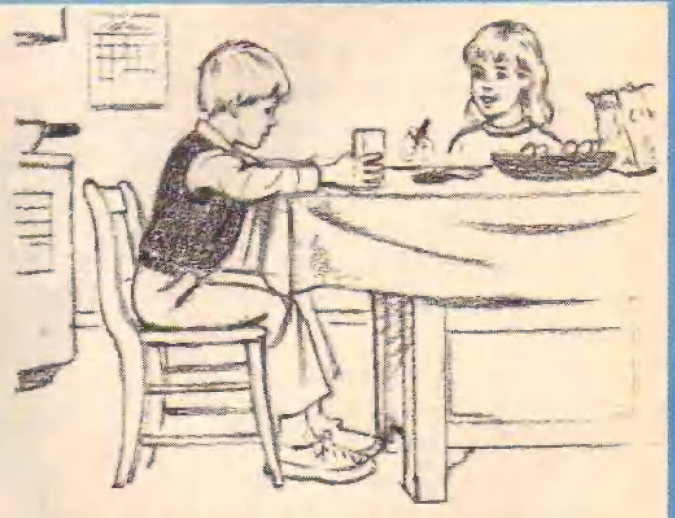
"Don't bother me. I'm busy."



"I'll fix your car, Carrie."



Goofus tips back in his chair.

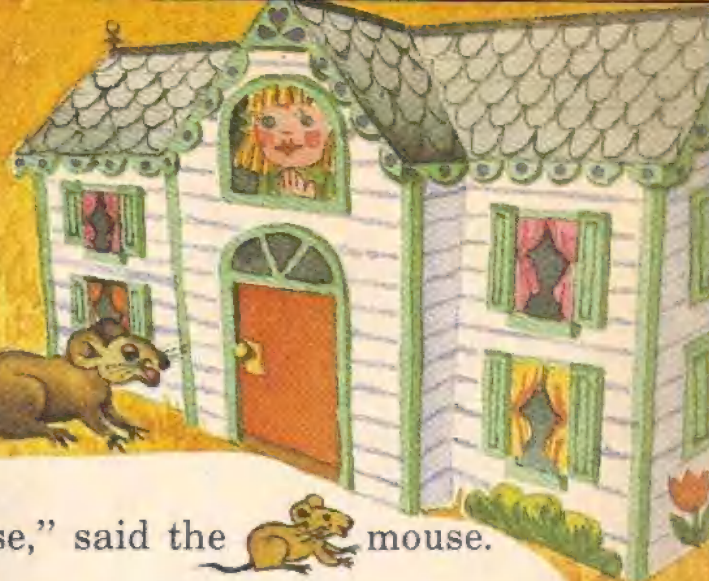



Gallant sits properly in a chair.

Illustrated by Sidney Quinn



Mouse Manners



By Sally Lucas



A  mouse saw a little



 house. "What a nice  house," said the  mouse.

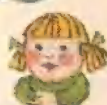


The  mouse opened the front  door and went inside.

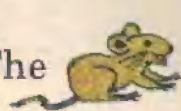



The  mouse saw a little  chair. "What a

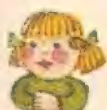


nice  chair," said the  mouse. The  mouse sat

in the  chair. The  mouse rocked back and

forth. "I like this  house," said the  mouse.

"So do I," said a  doll. "This is my  house. You are sitting in my  chair."

The  mouse jumped out of the  chair. "I didn't know it was your  house," said the  mouse. "I will leave."

"You don't have to leave," said the  doll. "You just have to learn to knock on the  door before you come in. Even in a dollhouse, a  mouse must have manners."

Things to Make

Halloween Wreath

By Diana M. Amadeo

For the wreath base, cut out a large doughnut shape from a piece of poster board or a lightweight cardboard box. Paint the shape green, and let it dry.

Draw and cut out shapes of ghosts, witches' hats, and pumpkins from poster board, and paint them. When they are dry, glue them to the wreath base, alternating the shapes.

Attach a yarn loop to the back of the wreath, and hang it on a door.



Corncob Witch

By Francis Wales

Paint a corncob black except for the part which will be the head. Glue on dried beans for eyes, a nose, and a mouth. Use corn husks for the hair.

To make the hat, cut two circles from black paper. Cut the center out of one circle, and roll the other circle into the shape of a cone. Glue the cone shape onto the circle, covering the hole. Then glue the hat to the corn-husk hair.

Attach a cardboard base of black feet so that the witch can stand.



Columbus Scene

By Helen Jeffries

On a sheet of paper, draw the three ships of Columbus: the *Niña*, the *Pinta*, and the *Santa María*. Color them, and cut them out.

Cut out a circle of blue paper to fit the bottom of a 9-inch paper plate. Glue the paper to the bottom of the plate.

Glue the ships onto the plate. Add waves with chalk or marker.





Sukkah

By Jennifer Carling

Wash and dry a plastic-foam tray. Glue twigs around three edges of the tray for walls.

Color the inside of the tray with a marker, and glue on a piece of colored paper for a floor. Cut fruit and vegetables from paper, and glue them to the tray.

Make a loop from yarn, and glue it to the back of the lid so the decoration can be hung.

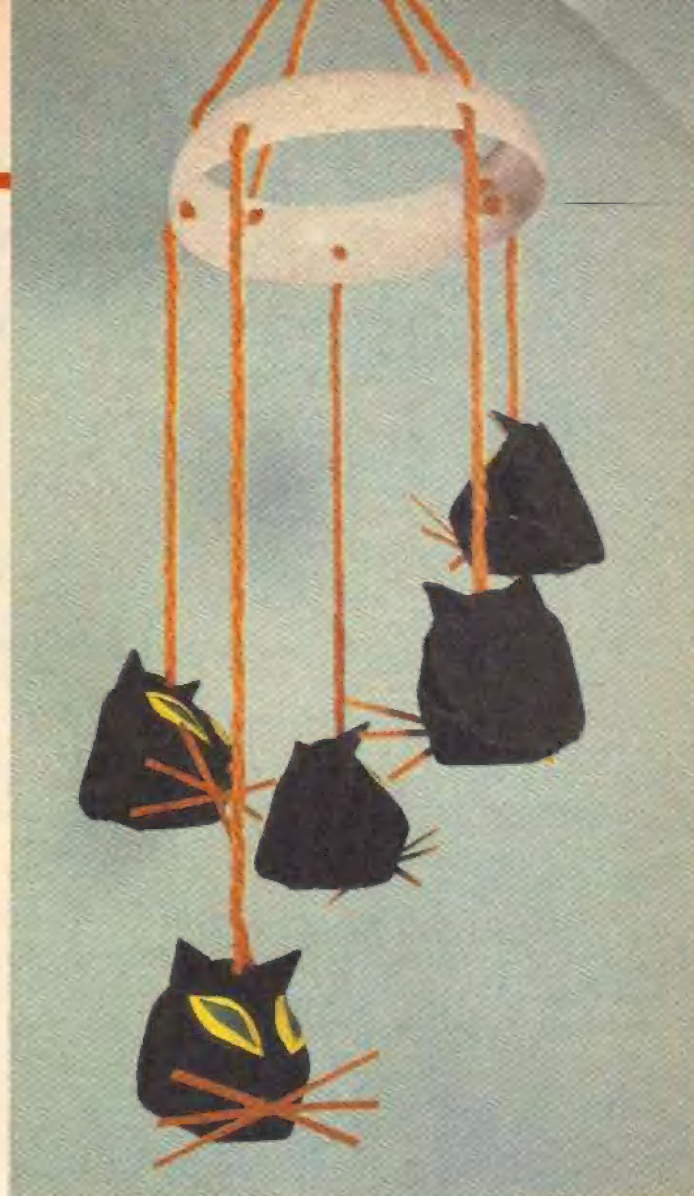
Surprise Jack-o'-Lantern

By Terry A. Ricioli

Cut a pumpkin shape from a dry orange cellulose sponge (the kind that has irregular holes).

Draw lines on the pumpkin with a felt-tip pen. Cut out pieces of felt for the eyes, nose, and mouth, and glue them to the pumpkin. Glue on a stem made from green paper or a pipe cleaner.

What's the surprise? Place a flashlight behind this jack-o'-lantern, and watch it glow in the dark!



Black Cat Mobile

By Matthew Stockton

Cut a ring from a plastic food container. Punch four evenly-spaced holes near the top of the ring. Insert a piece of yarn through each hole, tying a knot at the end. Then gather the four pieces at the top, and tie one knot to hold them together. This is the top section of the mobile.

Cut five egg carton sections into the shapes of cats' heads as shown in the diagram. Paint the heads black. Add paper whiskers and eyes.

Poke a hole in the top of each cat's head. On the bottom of the ring, punch five more holes. Thread pieces of yarn through each cat's head and through the five holes in the ring. Tie a knot at each end. Glue a piece of black paper to cover the back of each head. Add paper ears.

Hang the mobile.



Roberto Clemente

Baseball's Courageous Champion



By Paul Robert Walker

Roberto Clemente cocked his bat and looked out at the mound. The Pittsburgh Pirates were in a scoreless tie with the New York Mets. It was the bottom of the fourth inning. No outs. Bases empty. September 30, 1972.

The pitcher leaned back and fired a fast ball across the plate. "Steerike!" the umpire called.

Clemente cocked his bat again and waited for the next pitch. This time it was a curve ball on the inside corner of the plate. Clemente whipped his bat around and smashed a line drive into left-center field. As the ball bounced off the outfield wall, he rounded first and headed into second with a stand-up double.

The Pittsburgh fans exploded with applause. The umpire stopped the game and presented the ball to Clemente. The scoreboard at Three Rivers Stadium lit up with the magic number: 3,000. Roberto Clemente had

become the eleventh man in the history of major league baseball to get 3,000 hits.

Clemente stood on second base and waved his batting helmet to the excited fans. He thought back to a muddy field on the island of Puerto Rico. In those days there were no fans, no umpires, no scoreboard. There were trees in the middle of the outfield. The bat was a thick branch from a guava tree. The glove was a coffee-bean sack. The ball was made of rags.

Although he loved baseball with all his heart, Roberto could not dream of playing in the major leagues. Like many of his friends, he was black. In Puerto Rico this did not matter. Black and brown and white people played together. But when Roberto Clemente was a child, black players were not allowed to play in the major

leagues in the United States.

Then, in 1947, a black man named Jackie Robinson signed a contract to play for the Brooklyn Dodgers. The door was open. In 1952 a scout for the Dodgers held a tryout in Puerto Rico. Out of seventy-two boys, one impressed him: Roberto Clemente. Two years later, Clemente joined the Montreal Royals, the Triple-A minor league team of the Brooklyn Dodgers.

During the season, some white players made fun of Clemente because he was black. Others could not understand him because he spoke Spanish. And the manager's actions confused him. When Clemente hit a home run, the manager took him out of the game. When Clemente struck out, he was allowed to play. Clemente did not understand that the

Brooklyn Dodgers were hiding him. They did not want another team to recognize his great ability and steal him in the baseball draft.

But Clemente's talent could not be hidden. At the end of the season, the Pittsburgh Pirates chose him first in the baseball draft. Clemente wanted to show the Pirates that their choice was right. He was a solid hitter and a brilliant right fielder, gunning down base runners with his powerful, accurate arm. But in his first few seasons as a major league outfielder, he did not play to his full potential.

Then came 1960. The Pittsburgh Pirates won their first pennant in thirty-three years. Clemente batted .311 and drove in 94 runs, more than anyone

A Dream Fulfilled

Roberto Clemente dreamed of building a Sports City, where children of Puerto Rico could learn about sports and about the values necessary to succeed in life. He worked toward that dream, but the project was still not very far along at the time of Roberto's death. Then, his wife, Vera, and others were able to raise

enough money to develop it.

Today the Sports City is being built on 600 acres between San Juan and Carolina, Puerto Rico. Many facilities are already in use. It includes baseball fields, tennis courts, basketball courts, a pool, a Roberto Clemente museum, and dormitories. The facilities are free and open to all.

else on the team. In the World Series he hit safely in every game as the Pirates edged the New York Yankees, 4 games to 3. Clemente was very happy about winning the World Series. But he still wanted to be a better player.

The next year Clemente batted .351. He was the batting champion of the National League! He won three more batting championships, in 1964, 1965, and 1967. In 1966 he was voted the Most Valuable Player in the National League. In 1971 he was named the Most Valuable Player in the World Series, leading the Pirates over the Baltimore Orioles, 4 games to 3.

Although Clemente was one of the biggest stars in baseball, he never forgot the muddy field in Puerto Rico. He dreamed of building a "Sports City" where the children of Puerto Rico could play baseball and other sports with good equipment and professional coaches. He once said, "Any time you have the opportunity to accomplish something for somebody who comes behind you and you don't do it, you are wasting your time on this earth."

After his 3,000th hit, Clemente hoped to play one more season.

He was thirty-eight years old, but his body was strong. There were still some hits left in number 21 of the Pittsburgh Pirates. But fate had other plans. A great earthquake shook the city of Managua, Nicaragua. Thousands of people died. Thousands more were injured or homeless. Clemente helped gather food and medical supplies for the victims of the earthquake.

On New Year's Eve of 1972 Clemente boarded a small plane heading for Nicaragua. He wanted to make sure that the supplies were given to people who needed them. As the plane took off over the Atlantic Ocean, one of the engines exploded in flames. Moments later, the plane crashed into the deep blue water. Roberto Clemente was gone.

Less than three months after his death, Clemente was voted into the Baseball Hall of Fame.

At the Pirates' spring training camp, a sign was placed outside Clemente's room. It said: "I want to be remembered as a ballplayer who gave all he had to give." It was signed "Roberto Clemente." Today, the Sports City is a reality. Roberto's dream is alive.

"I want to be remembered as a ballplayer who gave all he had to give."



Our Own Pages

Black Cats

Black cats are watching
Over fences
And under rocks,
On other sides of
Untamed streams,
Hiding in folded
Mighty grass,
Waiting to welcome
You to the alley darkness
Of black cats!

*Danielle Battaglia, Age 9
Holbrook, New York*

Seasons

Spring is yellow
Summer is red
Winter is blue
But the grass is green
no matter what you do

*Amanda Bray, Age 5
Midland, Texas*

The Sound of Cars

The sound of cars is:
A rumble
A crash
A tumble
A bash
A boom
A bump
A zoom
A thump
A vroom

*David Little, Age 8
Fort Wayne, Indiana*



What a Beautiful Earth Tonight

*Shawn Page, Age 11
Newton, New Hampshire*

I Love the Forest

I love to take a walk in the early morning mist.
I love to see the trees towering high above me.
I love to see the squirrels gathering nuts and acorns for winter.
And sometimes I see a rabbit being chased by a fox.

*Gavin Kentch, Age 7
Anchorage, Alaska*

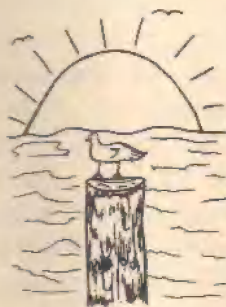


My Sister

*Joh Lindley, Age 3
New South Wales, Australia*

One dark night
The wind was blowing.
The dogs were howling.
They saw mean eyes.

*Will Morgan, Age 6
Wintersville, Ohio*



Sea Breeze

*Christina Williams, Age 11
Madawaska, Maine*

Yellow star with a
purple bow in it, above
my garden wall with
bells. Caterpillar's
growing up to be a
butterfly.

*Katie Loughrey, Age 4
Carlsbad, California*

Sunset at the Beach

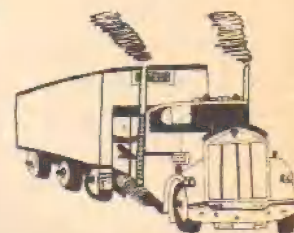
Crashing waves upon the rocks
Foam coming up to the docks
The sun setting in the deep blue sea
Sea grass swaying in the breeze
The moving ocean, the shifting beach
My eyes seeing far as they can reach
Sea gulls flying free, soaring into space
Into the magical, mystical, musical place
The mist is swirling up to my toes
There the sun goes

*Amanda Leno, Age 7
Gresham, Oregon*



Basketball

*Laura Oldright, Age 6
Greeley, Colorado*



18-Wheeler

*Mike Noga, Age 12
Rochester, New York*



Parachute Man

*Jeffrey Moher, Age 4
Oak Park, Illinois*

There is a little island
Way out in the sea.
No one has discovered it,
No one but me.

*Leah Neal, Age 6
Cookville, Tennessee*



Nebraska Is More Than Number 1

*Laura Andersen, Age 8
Kearney, Nebraska*

Earthworms

Some of them live in the dirt,
Some of them live in mulch,
Some of them live in the high grass,
and when the wind blows
They go home.

*Nathaniel Arthur, Age 2
Elkview, West Virginia*



*Joshua Wohlgemut, Age 6
Papua, New Guinea*



A House, Tree, and Me

*Alex Andersen, Age 5
Hellerup, Denmark*



Mute Swan

*Amanda Keeler, Age 9
Mesa, Arizona*

Harmony

A brother getting on my nerves.
Parents working day by day.
Me, outside, throwing curves,
My room, somewhat a disarray.
We all work together in harmony,
Helping each other out.
Through all the battles, all the fights,
That's what we're all about.

*Mike Bailey, Age 12
Freeland, Maryland*



Lacy's Family

*Lacy Bacon, Age 3
Reno, Nevada*

Moving

When I move,
I move in the air.
I'm telling the truth,
I swear.
It isn't that fun,
But it has to be done
To get to the Virgin Islands.

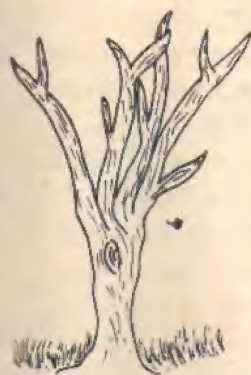
*Kathleen Hosie, Age 8
St. Thomas, Virgin Islands*



*Karishma Patel, Age 4
Poona, India*

Flowing from the tree
Leaves Leaves Leaves
Slowly coming down
With the breeze

*Garret Lind, Age 5
Killdeer, North Dakota*



The Last Leaf

*Amanda Storer, Age 10
Ogden, Utah*

Horses

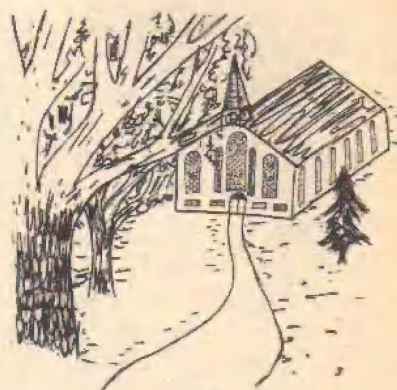
So broad they stand,
Their tails and manes fly in the wind.
There are no words to describe
Their beauty.

*Shannon MacDonald, Age 11
Geilenkirchen, Germany*



Finger Puppets

*Debbie Fenton, Age 5
St. Louis Park, Minnesota*



*Dustin de Boer, Age 9
Marysville, Kansas*

Rain

When I look out and see a dark,
dismal sky
And hear the raindrops on the roof,
I get a dark, gloomy feeling.
But then I realize
There is no reason to be melancholy.
Rain restores life.
It's like a ballerina gracefully dancing
from the sky, sparkling beautifully.
Rain brings color and life.

*Chad Tatum, Age 9
Cedar Bluff, Virginia*



Viking Long Ship

*Ariel Richmond, Age 7
Deming, New Mexico*



Would you like to send an original poem, story, or black-and-white drawing to Our Own Pages? Be sure that it is your very own creation, and that you haven't seen or heard it somewhere else. Include your name, age, street or box number, city, state, and Zip Code. Mail to:

**HIGHLIGHTS FOR CHILDREN
Honesdale, PA 18431**

We will print some of the poems and drawings from our readers. Sorry, we cannot return any work that is sent to us.



Breathless

By Cris Peterson

Hey, Roscoe, you old cow dog. I've only been in school a week, but you miss me, don't you, pup?"

Roscoe's rear end wagged as he bounded down the drive to meet Mark.

The sticky September heat had made Mark's school steam like a sauna. His friends in the sixth grade swam at the pool after classes, but Mark had to get home for chores. He was proud of his family's dairy farm, but sometimes the work was endless.

Mark threw his backpack in the house and grabbed his spinning rod. He wanted an hour of fishing and no farm chores. Hopping on his bike, he pedaled down the driveway.

"Mark!" Dad called. "Where are you off to?"

Mark skidded to a stop.

"You know we have those loads of hay to put up," Dad said. "I'm

going to need your help."

"I promise to get up early tomorrow so we can unload them before my swimming lesson."

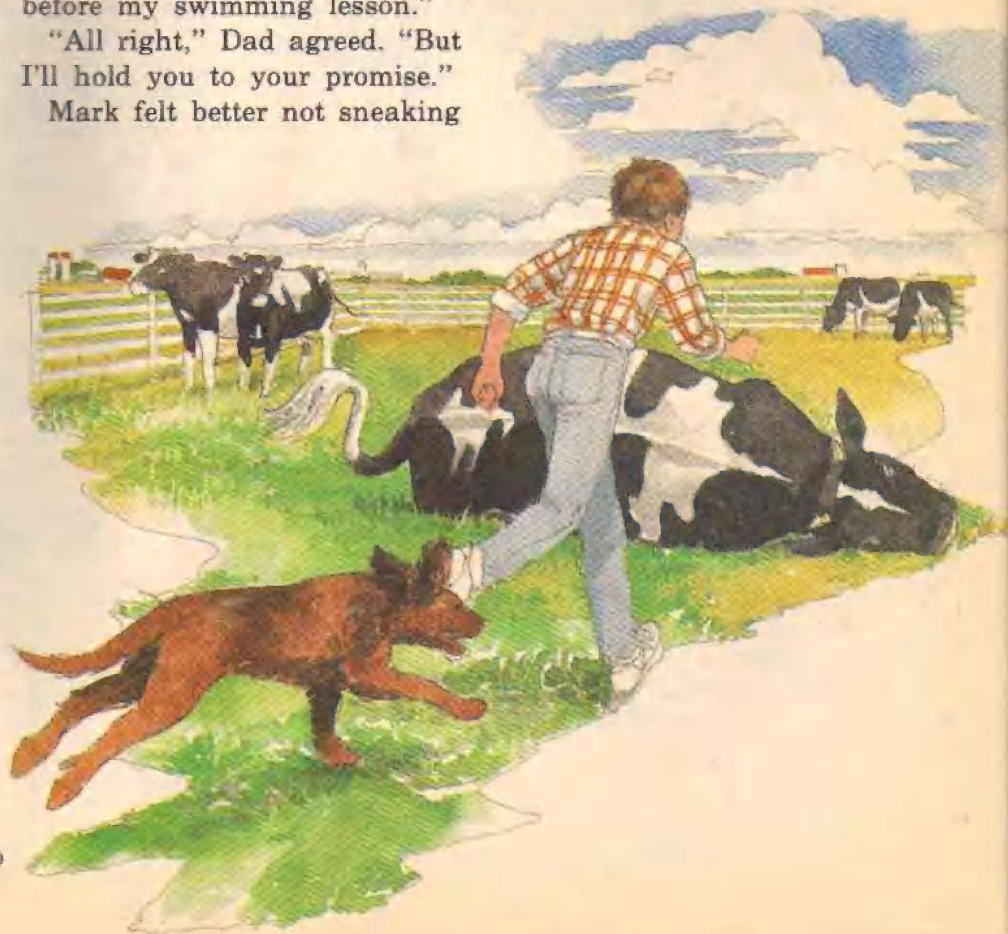
"All right," Dad agreed. "But I'll hold you to your promise."

Mark felt better not sneaking

away. He pedaled down the driveway toward the creek. Roscoe was in his glory jogging beside the bike.

A few cattle grazed in a pasture near the road. Mark noticed Daisy, one of their top-producing dairy cows, sprawled on the ground. Daisy was due to calve soon.

"Look, Roscoe," Mark said. "Daisy must be having trouble." Mark dropped his bike and rod in the ditch and rolled under the fence. He ran to where the huge Holstein lay stretched on her side, head flat on the ground.



With a quick look, he discovered that Daisy's calf was being born. Even worse, it was being born backward.

Mark had seen Dad help a cow deliver a breech, or turned, calf last spring and knew that the calf could drown in birth fluids before its head was born. He knelt in the grass behind Daisy and grasped the legs of the calf, just as Dad had done. Daisy lifted her head and gazed back at him helplessly. A difficult birth could mean death for her and her calf.

Mark's stomach was churning. He dug his heels into the sod and pulled hard. Daisy pushed. A few inches of the calf slid out. He felt as if he was trying to pull a hundred-pound sack of feed through a knothole.

He remembered that it was important to work fast on a breech delivery. Mark threw himself backward, tugging on the calf's legs. A few more inches of its chest appeared. Sweat burned in Mark's eyes, and his arms ached.

This is taking too long, Mark thought. Maybe I can't do it.

Daisy pushed again, and Mark pulled with every ounce of his strength. A moment later a beautiful black-and-white heifer calf flopped onto the grass. She would grow into a great milking cow like her mom, Mark thought. And he had saved her by himself.

He sat in the grass wriggling the stiffness out of his fingers. The calf lay still, eyes wide and glassy. Mark looked closer. Something was wrong.

"Oh no!" Mark gasped. "She isn't breathing." He felt the slow thump-thump of her heart when he held his hand on her chest.

He grabbed a weed stem and

frantically inserted it into the calf's nose to make the animal sneeze and start breathing. No response. He tried lifting her up by her back legs to drain the fluid from her lungs. Dead weight. Mark couldn't get even half of the hundred-pound calf off the ground.

"I saved your life!" Mark screamed. "Now breathe!" He pounded on the calf's chest, knowing in a minute she might be dead.

"Mark, what's wrong?" Dad shouted from the driveway. He ran toward the field.

"Daisy's calf won't breathe. She's dying!" Hot tears stung Mark's eyes. Seconds dragged between each heartbeat. The calf was drowning. How can I lose her now? Mark thought.

Suddenly he remembered his swimming instructor's words. "Give mouth-to-mouth resuscitation," the instructor always said. "Ask questions later." If it worked with swimmers, it just might work with breech calves.

Mark shuddered at the thought of putting his mouth on that slimy nose. But he held the calf's face between his hands, one palm covering a nostril. With his eyes

squeezed shut, he blew into the other nostril. Again. And again.

The calf sputtered, sneezed . . . and took a breath.

"Way to go!" Dad cried as he reached them. "You saved its life. I never would have thought of trying that."

"It worked. And it's a heifer," Mark said. He wiped his mouth on his shirt, trying not to think about that big wet nose he had just kissed. His heart felt three times too big for his chest. He had saved a life.

"She's your calf," Dad said, helping Mark to his feet. "We'll register her in your name. What will you call her?"

Mark watched Daisy nuzzle and lick her new calf. He gazed toward the farmyard with its huge barn full of work, and grinned at Dad.

"I'll name her Breathless," Mark said. "She's going to be the best cow on our farm."



Vanishing Wilderness

About two days ago a deer was by my house. He was so tame you could pet him. After we called the conservation department, they told us he was only eight months old. Much construction is taking away the homes of wildlife like this. Can you tell me if I can help stop this?

*Kelly Rozewicz
Cheektowaga, New York*

Kelly, I understand and worry about that, too. The places where your home is and where my home is were once part of wild America. There are more and more people on this earth, and we take up more and more space. That leaves less and less for other animals. But we really shouldn't get mad at people who build new houses just because our houses were built first.

I don't know any way to solve the problem except to do everything we can to set aside areas for wildlife. Some animals learn to live with people better than others do. Raccoons and deer seem able to get along pretty well. Of course, deer don't get

along well in the cities. In spite of all the new construction, there are many more deer in New York State now than there were one hundred years ago.

I think we all need to understand the problem and then do whatever we can.

Wet Hair

Whenever I get my hair wet, it is darker than when it is dry. Why?

Jane Boyer—Festus, Missouri

Many things are darker when wet. Garden soil is, and paper is, too. I was surprised how much darker white Kleenex is when you make a wet spot on it.

If something gets darker, that means it is reflecting less light to your eye. Evidently a wet surface tends to trap light better and doesn't bounce it off as well. I think that may be why your hair looks darker when wet.

Thirsty Trees

How does water get up to the leaves on big trees?

Peter Green—Chicago, Illinois

Just to make the problem seem harder, the leaves of a big tree are always losing lots of water by evaporation. Water gets to the leaves through many tiny, thick-walled tubes in the trunk of the tree. Water molecules stick to each other, and as each water molecule evaporates from a leaf, it pulls another one up behind it. It is as if you had a chain of water molecules extending from the leaf right down through tiny tubes all the way to the roots.

The roots also get into the act. In some way they may do part of

the work by pushing water and giving it a start up the trunk.

Plants have a lot of hidden "machinery" working so quietly that it's hard to tell it's there.



Breathing Underwater

Can frogs breathe underwater?

*Jonathan Phipps
Tatla Lake, British Columbia*

The answer is yes, but I need to say something more.

A frog has two ways of breathing. It can breathe air into its lungs much as you do. It also can do some of its breathing through its skin. That means it can get some oxygen from water around it and get rid of carbon dioxide, too.

When you scare a frog sitting at the edge of a pond, it takes a big gulp of air as it dives in. The frog is not very active underwater and doesn't need to breathe very fast. So, once the big gulp of air is used up, the frog continues to breathe through its skin. That works all right if the water is cool, but it doesn't work so well if the water is warm. Warm water doesn't hold as much oxygen. And warm water speeds up the frog's metabolism so that it needs more oxygen. Soon it will come out for a real breath of air.



"How could you flunk spelling?"

Thinking

Whose cleaning job takes longest?
 What knowledge and skill does each job call for?
 How often does each have to be done?
 Which could you do well?
 Enjoy doing?



How high?



How deep?



How loud?



How long?



How heavy?

How can we measure each of these?

You can tell what these animals are by seeing them.
 How else might you recognize each one?



Illustrated by Karen Luccisano

Cowboys Make Funny Sounds

By Tricia Gardella

Sometimes cowboys make funny sounds.

They don't moo like cows.

They don't neigh like horses.

They don't bray like donkeys.

Cowboys make even funnier sounds:

"Haw, tsh tsh tsh tsh, gwuan, yup, whoo whoo whoo, hey-up, gwuan, haw."

When it is time for cowboys to gather up the cows and move them on, the cows are not always ready to go.

Sometimes the cows are hot and tired.

Sometimes they are afraid to leave a familiar field, or cross an unfamiliar gulley, stream, or road.

Sometimes cows just plain like to stop and visit with other cows or horses in fields along the way.

Good cowboys know these things.

Sometimes cows like to take side trips down roads or drive-ways.

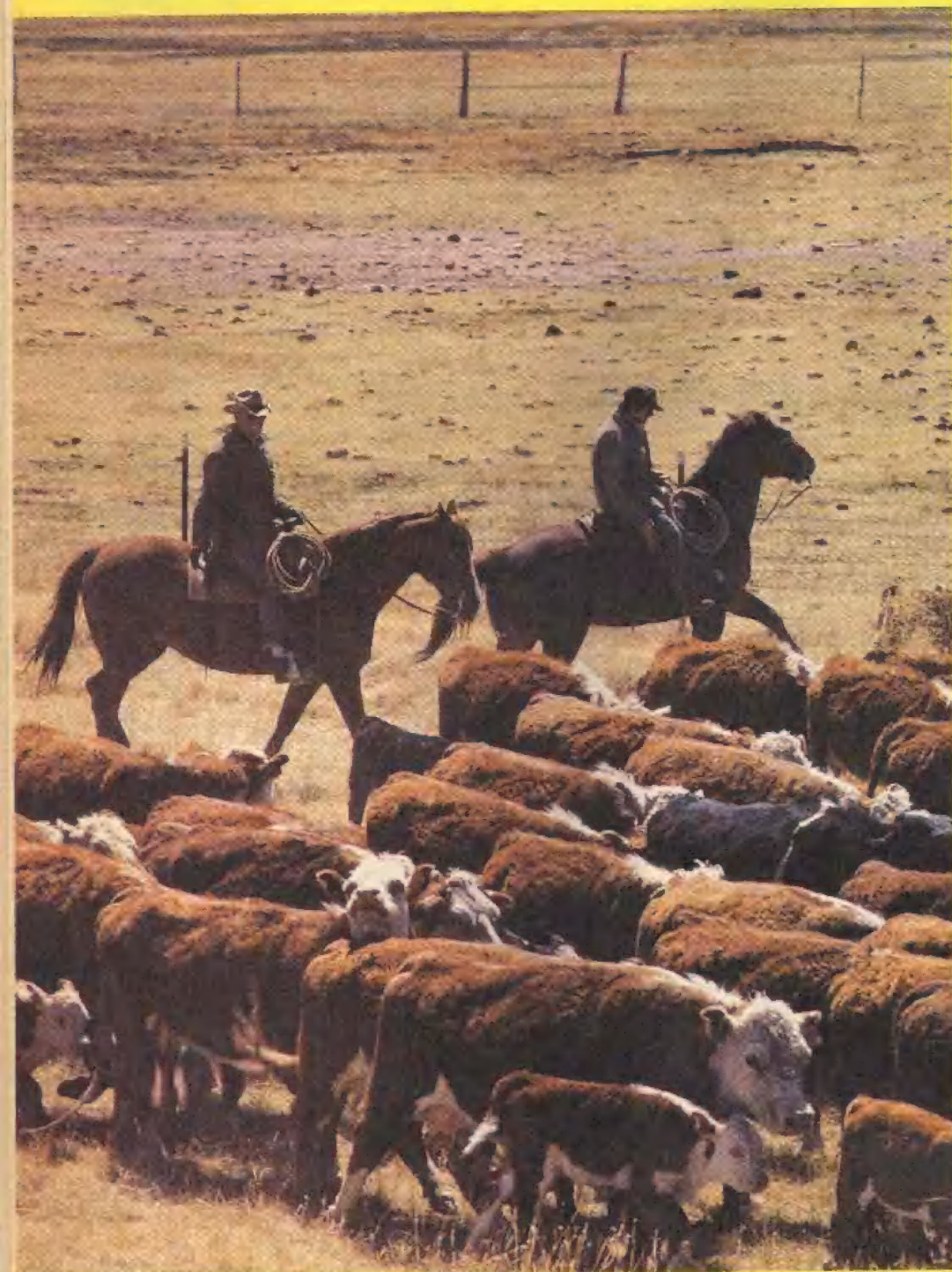
Sometimes a clump of grass becomes just too tempting.

Often a cow wants to find her baby, RIGHT NOW.

Cowboys must be ready for all these things. They must keep the cows headed in the right direction and be sure that any side trips are blocked. They must be ready for what each cow will do so that they will not have to chase after strays. Each cowboy makes up sounds to keep the cows moving.

Some cowboys whistle.

Some cowboys like to make a snapping sound by slapping the ends of their reins against the saddle or their leg.

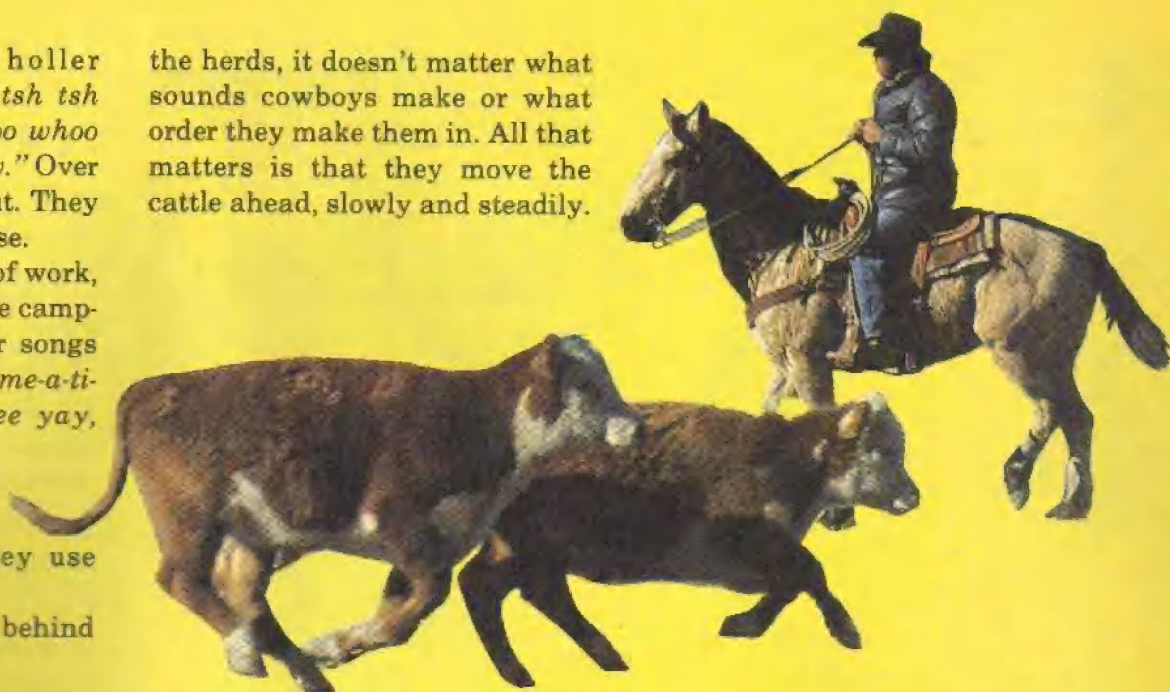


But most cowboys holler sounds like this: "Haw, tsh tsh tsh tsh, gwuan, yup, whoo whoo whoo, hey-up, gwuan, haw." Over and over again they shout. They holler until they're hoarse.

Then, after a hard day of work, cowboys gather around the campfire and sing. Even their songs have funny sounds. "Come-a-ti-yi-yipee, yipee yay, yipee yay, come-a-ti-yi-yipee, yipee yay." These sounds are almost as strange as the ones they use while they work.

But as they ride along behind

the herds, it doesn't matter what sounds cowboys make or what order they make them in. All that matters is that they move the cattle ahead, slowly and steadily.



The Old Chisholm Trail

TRADITIONAL
Arranged by Dan Fox

Brightly

G Am D7

Well, come a - long boys and lis - ten to my tale, I'll

G Am D7 G D7

tell you of my trou - bles on the Old Chis - holm Trail. Come - a - ti - yi - yip - ee - yip - ee

G D7 G D7 G

yay, yip - pee yay, — Come - a - ti - yi - yip - ee yip - ee yay. —



Fun with Phonics

c at the beginning



"This month I am going to eat as many things as I can that begin with the same letter as my name."

Which of these may Cathy eat?
What else beginning with c may she eat?
What else beginning with c wouldn't she eat?

Does It Take Longer...

to travel ten miles by car or by tractor?

to fill a small dish with cooked cereal using a teaspoon or using a tablespoon?

to row a boat fifty yards upstream or the same distance downstream?

to travel twenty yards on your hands and feet or on your feet only?

to transfer four dozen eggs from one pail into another, one egg at a time or three eggs at a time?

to get ready for school or to drink a glass of orange juice?

to carry a pail of water thirty yards in one hand or to carry two pails, one in each hand, the same distance?

Witch Direction?

1. Wilhelmina Witch wants to go south of her house but north of the Pumpkin Patch. Where does she want to go?
2. Whitby Wizard is at his castle and wants to go to the Haunted Forest. Which direction does he go?
3. Goblins at the Halloween Party want to trick-or-treat at Whitby Wizard's Castle. Which direction do they creep?
4. Two black cats are in the Pumpkin Patch and want to go to Wilhelmina Witch's House. Which direction do they dash?
5. Wilhelmina Witch wants to leave the Halloween Party and fly to the Pumpkin Patch. Which direction does she fly?



Headwork

Start at the beginning and see how far you can go, thinking of good answers from your own head.

Which is bigger, a turtle or a horse?

What is your favorite food?

Which is more—a little or a lot?

Is a stone hard or soft?

Is a lemon shaped more like a football or a baseball?



Why do you wash your hands more often than your feet?

Which are sticky: glue, ice, tar, water, syrup?

Does the moon always look round like the sun?



One day after lunch Ben's mother told him that it was too hot to go out to play. Do you think it was winter or summer?

Which is better, to brush your teeth right before a meal or right after? Why?

Illustrated by Jody Taylor

Why can't a chair have just two legs the way you do?

Say as many words as you can that rhyme with *gold*. That rhyme with *night*.



What might cause you to shiver?

Are the muscles for opening your jaws stronger or weaker than the muscles for closing them?

Name the ways in which being a good reader helps you in your schoolwork.



"Oh, look what I did!" Maria exclaimed. "Now I'll have to send my coat to the cleaner." What might have happened?

What parts of your body can be cut without giving you pain or making blood appear?

When a dog swims, is its head or its tail deeper in the water?

Jokes

Selected by Our Readers

Sue: "Mom, I'm glad you named me Sue."

Mom: "Why?"

Sue: "Because that's what everyone calls me."

Christi Ross—West Virginia

Officer: "Does your dog have a license?"

Pet owner: "No, sir, he isn't old enough to drive."

Jack Dorland—Idaho

Patient: "Doctor, doctor! I think I'm a bridge."

Doctor: "Oh my goodness. What's come over you?"

Patient: "So far, three buses, ten cars, and five trucks."

Whitney Keesling—Indiana

Sidney: "Why are you so wet?"

Kara: "The clothes label said 'wash and wear.'"

Tiffani Crosby—Maryland

Waiter: "What would you like to eat, sir?"

Customer: "A ham sandwich."

Waiter: "With pleasure."

Customer: "No, with mustard."

Giovanni Silva—Texas

Send the funniest joke or the best riddle you ever heard, with your name, age, and full address (street and number, city or town, state or province, and Zip Code), to:

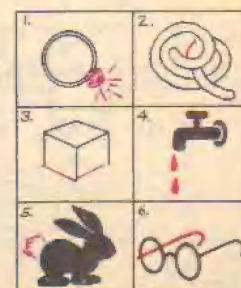
HIGHLIGHTS FOR CHILDREN
Honesdale, PA 18431


ANSWERS:

"Witch Direction?" (page 38)


1. To the Halloween Party
2. East
3. West
4. North
5. South

"OOPS!" (page 41)





Nikki's Beautiful Problem



Suddenly she saw a great big red leaf on the grass. "This leaf is as beautiful as the yellow one," she thought. "I'm going to keep it forever, too."

Holding a leaf in each hand, Nikki hopped down the sidewalk on her other foot.

Then she saw four orange leaves she liked as much as the red leaf and the yellow leaf. She picked them up and pretended she was flying down the sidewalk. At the end of each of her wings, she held a bouquet of the most beautiful leaves in the world.

Nikki stopped flying. She saw three red-and-purple leaves, four more yellow leaves, and two red leaves with orange spots. She picked them all up. Slowly she walked down the sidewalk with her arms full of the most beautiful leaves in the world.

She held so many leaves that she couldn't see the sidewalk. A leaf fluttered down past Nikki's face. She looked up. She was under a tall tree. The sun shone brightly through its branches. The leaves looked like the glass in the windows at church. The

By Linda Schultz

Nikki was skipping home from school. She saw a golden-yellow leaf on the sidewalk. She picked it up.

"This is the most beautiful leaf in the world," she said. "I'm going to keep it forever." Nikki was tired of skipping, so she began to hop along on one foot. She hopped over a crack in the sidewalk.

wind blew, and five more leaves fluttered down around Nikki. She sighed.

"They're all the most beautiful leaves in the world, but I can't take them all home with me."

Suddenly Nikki smiled. She closed her eyes. She listened to the wind fluttering through the leaves. She felt the crackle of the leaves in her arms. And she saw in her mind the yellow, orange, red, and purple of the most beautiful leaves in the world.

"There are too many beautiful leaves to carry in my hands, but I can carry them all home in my mind," she said. "Then I can keep them forever."

Nikki threw her armful of leaves up into the wind and skipped off down the sidewalk.

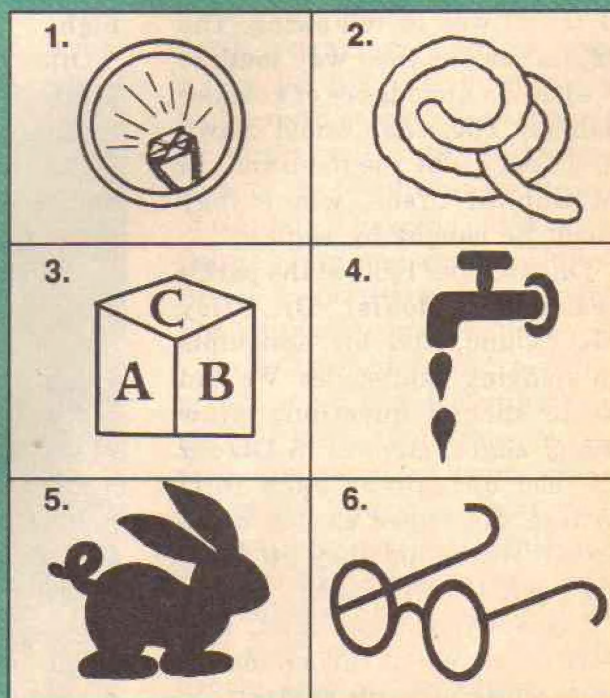


"Your room looks wonderful! What happened?"

"I cleaned it to surprise you. Besides, I was tired of tripping over my dirty clothes."

OOPS!

What seems wrong with each picture?



Answers on page 39.

Eye to Eye with Bald Eagles



By Ursula Mattson

Fall is my favorite season in Glacier National Park, Montana. Come September, I listen for the sound of bull elk bugling. I watch the aspens turn gold and shimmer in the sun.

Until very recently the first migrating bald eagles would stop at Glacier Park by the end of September, and I would know that fall was in full swing. The eagles were on their way south to feed on an abundance of kokanee salmon. These fish would spawn and then die by the thousands in McDonald Creek, where they could be caught by eagles.

One October I joined the park's research biologist, Dr. Riley McClelland, and his assistants in studying bald eagles. We had some special questions: How many eagles stopped in Glacier to feed on salmon each fall? Where did these eagles come from? Where did they go when they left Glacier Park?

I'm a wildlife biologist, so I was happy about this chance to work close up with eagles.

Each day began early for us. Most mornings we stood on a bridge with our binoculars at first light, counting and classifying the eagles as they flew past. Bald eagles aren't really bald. But by the time they are five years old, they have bright white head and tail feathers. Younger birds are brown with white feathers scattered throughout their bodies and tails.

Some mornings we counted more than two hundred eagles. From over twenty years of weekly counts, Dr. McClelland estimated that close to a thousand bald eagles stopped at Glacier Park during those years when the kokanee salmon population was high.

Other mornings we were up two hours before dawn, trying to capture eagles. We waded into the icy waters of McDonald Creek and tied a dead salmon onto a stake in shallow water. Around this bait we hid several well-padded traps that the eagles were likely to step into as they waded out to the fish.

When the first eagles arrived in the cold dawn, a few of them were caught trying to get the bait fish. We were quickly down at the creek, taking the eagles out of the water and calming them down. To work with the birds, we wrapped them in warm woolen blankets. Covering their eyes

with specially fitted leather hoods kept them from being frightened.

After two months we had weighed, measured, banded, and closely examined sixty-five eagles.

How big is a bald eagle? Our first job was to find out by weighing and measuring the big birds. A grown bald eagle weighs ten to twelve pounds. It takes three people to measure the wingspan of an eagle. One person firmly but gently holds the eagle's body while two people hold a tape measure at either end of the wing tips.

Most bald eagles have a wingspan between six and seven feet. We could feel the power and strength in their great wings, which could carry them one hundred miles or more in a day.

When you look an eagle in the eye, it stares back. A bony ridge

From a high perch an eagle can spot a salmon swimming in the creek.



Soaring, swooping, always watching, eagles hunt from the sky.

above its eyes gives it a stern expression.

An eagle's eyesight is its most important sense. To catch fish, it must see them first, and often from a great distance. Biologists estimate that eagles can see three to eight times better than people.

Looking at an eagle's feet in my own hands, I could see how beautifully adapted they are for catching fish, the bald eagle's main food. The grasping surfaces of the toes and the bottoms of their feet are covered with hundreds of tiny bumps. These give the eagle a good hold on slippery fish. One of the four toes, the hallux, is used for grasping, much like our own thumbs. Each toe has a black claw called a talon. The talons, an inch or longer, are used for grabbing and killing fish.

Before we released the eagles, we tagged them with aluminum

leg bands, orange wing markers, and tiny radio transmitters. This was a way to find answers to our questions about eagle migration. The bright orange wing markers would show us when these eagles came back through Glacier Park year after year. Later, the specially marked birds were sighted north of Montana—in Canada—and in states south of Montana.

However, the best information about eagle migration came from following the signals from the radio transmitters.

Each transmitter weighed less than two ounces and was tied to the base of the bird's tail feathers. With the transmitters we could follow individual eagles. After leaving Glacier Park, most of the eagles went to southeastern Idaho. Others flew to Utah, Nevada, or Oregon, while some stayed the winter in western Montana.

In the spring they headed north, averaging a hundred miles a day. By mid-April most eagles had arrived at their nesting areas in northern Alberta, Saskatchewan, or the Northwest Territories of Canada. For some of them the journey from the western United States to northern Canada was almost two thousand miles!

As I listened to the beeping signal of our last departing bald eagle, I knew that someone else from the research team would follow the bird. My season with the eagles was over. Fall, my favorite time of year, was over, too, but this had been one of the best ever. I'd had an eyeball to eyeball look at bald eagles.

A special leather hood helps calm an eagle down so researchers can tag it with wing markers, leg bands, and a transmitter before letting it go.



What's Wrong?

How many things can you find wrong in this picture?

